

# THE NEWTONIAN



1921



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THE  
NEWTONIAN  
1921

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Mr. JEREMIAH E. McMAHON

To

Jeremiah E. McMahon

In appreciation of his efficient services

and of his loyalty to the School

In acknowledgment of the many favors

he shows both to Students and to Teachers

And in gratitude for his being always just


the same, smiling, accommodating "Jerry"

we

the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-one

dedicate the twelfth Volume of the

"Newtonian."



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## Foreword

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**D**URING the four or five short years of high school life many friendships are made. These friendships are more precious by far than the riches and honors of the world can ever be, for we receive true friendship for what we are—not for what we can give, for what we wish and will, not for what we accomplish. As we leave the watchful care of Alma Mater and look forward into the hazy future of our lives, when we shall strive to fulfill our destiny and accomplish the tasks set before us by the Master, we realize that the happy activities of our school life and many of our friendships must henceforward become only memories.

Here, then, we see the purpose of this book. It is not primarily a collection of scholarly compositions. It is not so much the annal of general school life. It is, above all else, the pledge of many friendships—the record of varied, mutual interests and happy, personal experiences. We sincerely wish that this, the twelfth volume of the *Newtonian*, may reflect the purposeful, coöperative spirit which has been shared by the class as a whole and that it may add a creditable part to that estimable body of Newton High School traditions.





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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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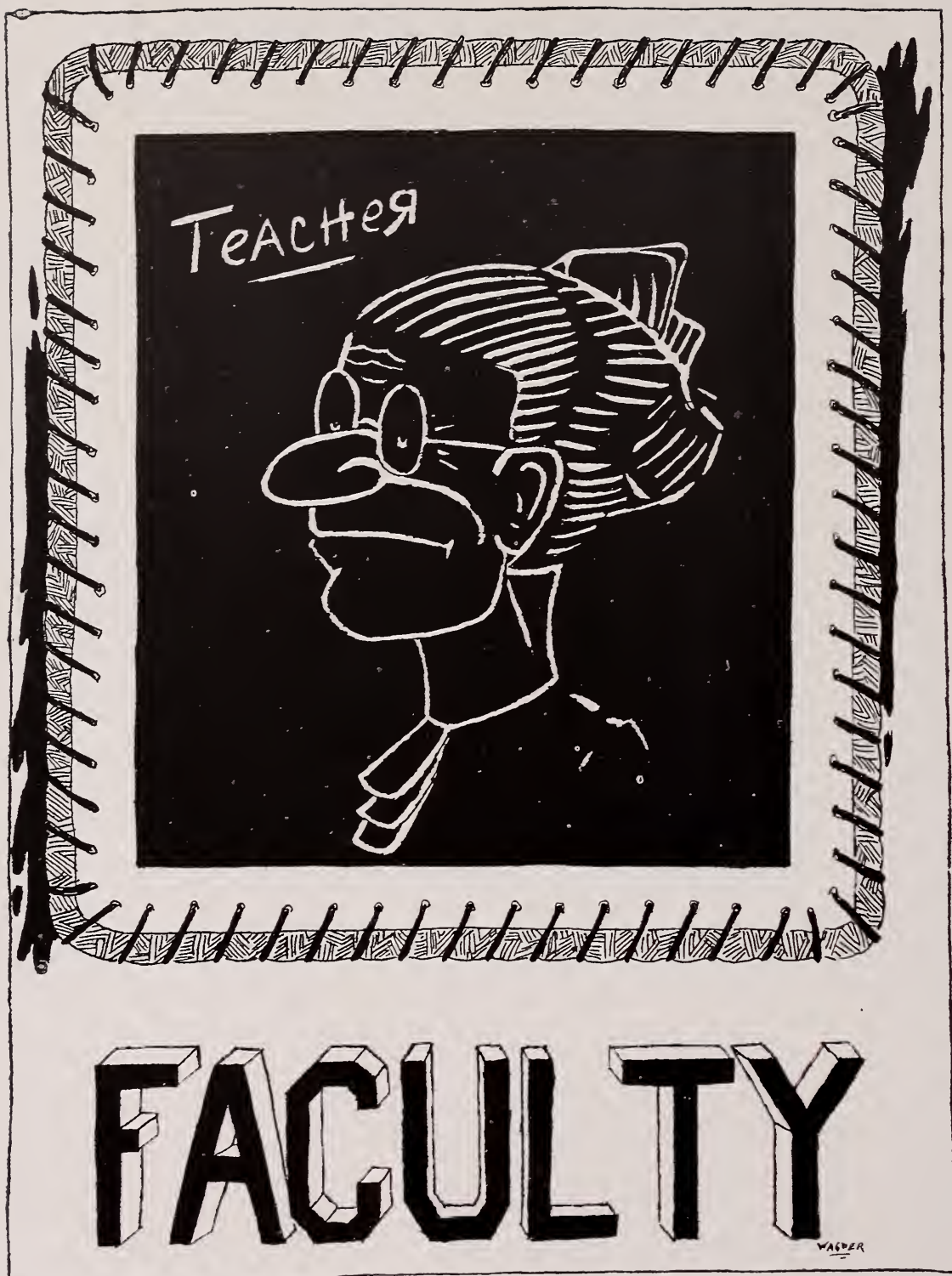
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# Faculty

ENOCH C. ADAMS, PRINCIPAL

22 Lenox St., West Newton

*Latin*

S. WARREN DAVIS

21 Elm St., West Newton

CHARLES DANA MESERVE\*

*Mathematics*

CHARLES H. MERGENDAHL

*Mathematics*

75 Lowell Ave., Newtonville

MARGARET MCGILL

*History*

82 Madison Ave., Newtonville

GERTRUDE E. MYLES

*French*

55 Hammond St., Cambridge

FRANCES P. OWEN

*German*

58 Highland Ave., Newtonville

WALLACE E. RICHMOND

*Science*

77 Otis St., Newtonville

HOMER K. UNDERWOOD

*English*

806 Watertown St., West Newton

HARRIET C. BONNEY

*Spanish*

497 Columbia Rd., Dorchester

PHYLLIS H. ADDITON

*English*

56 Paul St., Newton Centre

GEORGE J. ALTMAN

*Physical Training*

508 California St., Newtonville

MAUDE E. CAPRON

*Science*

66 Court St., Newtonville

GERTRUDE W. CARLETON

*History*

28 Otis St., Watertown

BESSIE G. CLARK

*English, French*

373 Broadway, Somerville

ALFRED W. DICKINSON

*History, Mathematics*

16 Otis Place, Newtonville

MARTHA M. DIX

*Drawing*

293 Fuller St., West Newton

MAIDA FLANDERS

*Physical Training*

12 Lake Terrace, Newton Centre

CECILE E. GIROUX

*French*

9 Sunnyside Ave., Winter Hill

BERTHA HACKETT

*English, Librarian*

74 Highland Ave., Newtonville

EMILY HAZEN

*Latin*

236 Auburn St., Auburndale

LUCIA A. HOWARD

*French*

9 Downing Rd., Brookline

ELSIE W. JEFFERS

*French*

95 Payson Rd., Belmont

HELENA M. KEES

*Physical Training*

27 Ainsworth St., Roslindale

H. ANNA KENNEDY

*Science*

30 Park Ave., South Weymouth

\*Died Jan. 20, 1921.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

---

GRACE S. KUNTZ	337 Cabot St., Newtonville	<i>Physical Training</i>
PERLEY W. LANE	808 Watertown St., West Newton	<i>English</i>
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*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;  
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat  
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.  
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God."*

In loving memory

Charles Dana Meserve

Head of the Department of Mathematics

Newton Classical High School

from 1897 - 1921

Born January 29, 1865

Died January 20, 1921

1921

“He conquers all who conquers himself”

# SENIORS







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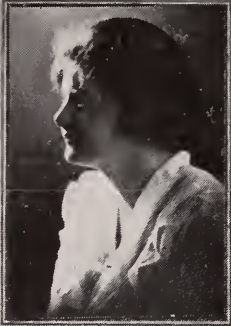
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FAITH KATHRYN ADDITON  
 56 Paul Street, Newton Centre, Mass.  
 "UP, UP, MY FRIEND, AND QUIT YOUR BOOKS,  
 OR SURELY YOU'LL GROW DOUBLE."  
 Nickname: "Phat"  
 Born February 1, 1904  
 Classical Course, Room 23  
 Entered from Mason Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Boston University  
 Chemistry Club, 1919-20  
 Girls' Debating Club, 1918-19  
 Student Council, 1919-20-21  
 Review Staff, 1920-21  
 English Club, 1919-20-21



ANNA WOOD ALBREE  
 49 Shaw St., West Newton, Mass.  
 "THE PERFECTION OF ART IS TO CONCEAL ART"  
 Nickname: "Ann"  
 Born October 13, 1903  
 Classical Course, Room 23  
 Entered from Alleghany High School  
 College Intentions: Connecticut  
 Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21  
 English Club, 1920-21



MARION KATHLEEN ALLEN  
 38 Aberdeen St., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
 "REST IS THE SWEET SAUCE OF LABOR"  
 Nickname: "Mon"  
 Born October 24, 1902  
 Classical Course, Room 23  
 Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Wellesley  
 Class Basketball, 1917-18-19-20-21  
 Sub Varsity Basketball, 1919-20-21  
 Volley Ball 1918  
 Chemistry Club, 1919-20  
 English Club, 1919-20-21  
 Girls' Debating Club, 1919-20-21  
 French Club, 1919-20



ROBERT SIBERRY ALLINGHAM  
 969 Boylston St., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
 "LET YOUTH BEWARE OF WOMEN."  
 Nickname: "Bob," "Al"  
 Born February 9, 1904  
 Scientific Course, Room 24  
 Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.  
 French Club, 1919-20  
 Chemistry Club, 1920



ELISABETH LOUISE ARNOLD  
 515 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.  
 "STUDY TO BE QUIET."  
 Nickname: "Betty"  
 Born December 10, 1902  
 Classical Course 2 years; General Course 2 years;  
 Room 14  
 Entered from Claffin Grammar School  
 Class Basketball, 1917-18  
 English Club, 1918-19-20-21

1921

PRISCILLA DAVIS AURELIO

13 Edinboro Place, Newtonville, Mass.

"LANGUAGE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHT."

Nickname: "Pussy," "Pril"

Born December 10, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Girls' Debating Team, 1920-21

English Club, 1919-20-21

French Club, 1919-20

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Review Staff, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1920-21

Author Senior Play. Mandolin Club, 1920-21

RUTH WHEELOCK AYRES

26 Annawan Road, Waban, Mass.

"STUDIOUS TO PLEASE, BUT NOT ASHAMED TO FAIL."

Nickname: "Rufus"

Born December 28, 1901

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Radcliffe

Girls' Debating Club, 1917-18-19-20-21

Girls' Debating Team, 1918-19

French Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1918-19-20-21

META PAULINE BACHMAN

146 Crafts St., Newtonville, Mass.

"DESCRIBE ME, WHO CAN."

Nickname: "Mate"

Born September 21, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Parker School

College Intentions: Smith

French Club, 1919-20

Girls' Debating Club, 1918-19

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

ELSA BADGER

16 Bradford Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.

"GOOD SENSE IS A GIFT FROM HEAVEN."

Born October 22, 1902

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

English Club, 1918-19-20-21

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

French Club, 1919-20

ARTHUR LAWRENCE BALL

167 Woodward St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"I HAVE NEVER SEEN A GREATER MONSTER OR MIRACLE THAN MYSELF."

Nickname: "Art"

Born June 21, 1902

Classical Course 3 years; Scientific Course 2 years;  
Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Assistant Track Manager, 1919-20

Track Manager, 1920-21

French Club, 1919-20







#### PHYLLIS JUNE BERGER

73 Carver Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.

"VANITY OF VANITIES—ALL IS VANITY."

Nickname: "Phyl"

Born May 11, 1903

Classical Course 3 years; General Course 1 year;  
Room 14

Entered from Girls' Latin School

School Orchestra, 1917-18

#### BARBARA VIVIAN BIXBY

144 Gibbs St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"NOT STEPPING O'ER THE BOUNDS OF MODESTY"

Nickname: "Babs," "Bobby"

Born February 1, 1904

Classical Course 2 years; Special Course 2 years;  
Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar

College Intentions: Simmons

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1920-21

#### LOIS MARION BJORNSON

76 Harvard St., Newtonville, Mass.

"HOW SWEET AND FAIR SHE SEEMS TO BE"

Nickname: "Loie"

Born May 24, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claffin Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

Class Hockey, 1919-20

English Club, 1919-20-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

#### LOUISE HOPE BLACK

60 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THE SIGHT OF HER IS GOOD FOR SORE EYES"

Nickname: "Lou"

Born February 13, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Undecided

Class Hockey, 1917-18

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

#### FREDERICK NEWTON BLODGETT

288 Prince St., West Newton, Mass.

"TITLES OF HONOR ADD TO HIS WORTH,

WHO IS AN HONOR TO HIS TITLE"

Nickname: "Pete"

Born March 26, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Rifle Team 1918-19

Football Team, 1920-21

Track Team, 1919-20-21

Captain Baseball Team, 1921

Student Council, 1918-19-20-21

Vice-President Class, 1920

President Senior Class, 1921

Class Picture Committee, 1921

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

Chairman School Spirit Committee, 1920-21

Chairman Senior Reception Committee, 1921

Senior Dance Committee

EDWARD CHAPIN BOOTH

133 Gibbs St., Newton Centre, Mass.  
"HE WAS A MAN TAKE HIM ALL IN ALL"

Nickname: "Ted"

Born February 11, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass. Institute Technology

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1920-21

Debating Club, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Baseball, 1921

HELEN BOOTH

133 Gibbs St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"CENTER OF LIGHT AND ENERGY IS SHE"

Nickname: "Boothy"

Born August 3, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

Girls' Glee Club, 1921

Class Basketball, 1917-18-19-20-21

Volley Ball, 1918, 1920

Girls' Athletic Association, 1919-20-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1919-20-21

Student Council, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1920-21

EILEEN MARIE BROPHY

14 Rowe St., Auburndale, Mass.

"EVERY INCH OF HER AS GOOD AS GOLD"

Born September 2, 1904

General Course, Room 13

Entered from Academy of the Assumption

ANNE BRUNER

206 Waverly Ave., Newton, Mass.

"HERE'S TO A GIRL WHO'S GOOD,

NOT TOO GOOD, FOR THE GOOD DIE YOUNG, AND

GOODNESS KNOWS, WE HATE A DEAD ONE"

Born September 16, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

Class Hockey, 1916-17-18-19-20-21

Varsity Hockey, 1918-19-20-21

Manager of Hockey Team, 1920-21

Student Council, 1918-19-20-21

English Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Vice-President of Class, 1920-21

Picture Committee, Dance Committee

ELIZABETH ABBOTT BURNHAM

712 Chestnut St., Waban, Mass.

"A SOUL AS WHITE AS HEAVEN"

Nickname: "Lib"

Born August 4, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Wheaton

English Club, 1919-20-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Review Staff, 1920-21







BARBARA INGERSOLL BUTLER

225 Hunnewell Terrace, Newton, Mass.

"HER BEST COMPANIONS, INNOCENCE AND HEALTH,  
HER BEST RICHES, INNOCENCE OF WEALTH"

Nickname: "Barbie," "Bob"

Born October 17, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

Girls' Debating Club, 1918-19

English Club, 1918-19-20-21

French Club, 1919-20

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

HELEN ANTHONY CADY

472 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.

"AS GOOD TO BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF  
FASHION"

Born January 6, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Finishing School

Freshman Hockey

DOROTHEA VESTA CALLOWHILL

997 Beacon St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"A MERRY HEART MAKETH A CHEERFUL  
COUNTEenance"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born October 26, 1903

General Course, Room 14

Entered from Newton Tech. High School

Class Hockey, 1917-18

WILHELMINA MARION CAMERON

393 Newtonville Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

"AND WELL SHE CAN PERSUADE HER CAUSE"

Nickname: "Billy"

Born August 4, 1903

General Course, Room 14

Entered from Somerville High School

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

MARTHA AUGUSTA CARTER

104 Highland Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

"HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG"

Nickname: "Mat"

Born August 8, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar College

Class Hockey Team, 1917-18

English Club, 1919-20, 1920-21

Student Council, 1918-19, 1919-20, 1920-21

President Girls' Council, 1921

Chemistry Club, 1920

Review Staff, 1920-21

Glee Club, 1920-21



SYLVIA CHAPMAN

75 Prescott St., Newtonville, Mass.

"HER VOICE IS SOFT, GENTLE, AND LOW,  
AN EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN"

Nickname: "Silly-Billy"

Born July 22, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1919-20-21

French Club, 1919-20

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1919-20

Newtonian Staff, 1920-21

Girls' Debating Team, 1920-21

Senior Class Historian, 1921

Senior Play

JOHN ALDEN CHRISTIE

23 Russell Court, Newtonville, Mass.

"FROM THE CROWN OF HIS HEAD, TO THE SOLE  
OF HIS FOOT, HE IS MIRTH"

Nickname: "Chris"

Born December 1, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Summit High School, N. J.

College Intentions: Cornell

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

CLEMENT DUANE COADY

491 Waltham St., West Newton, Mass.

"FICKLE AS A CHANGEFUL DREAM"

Nickname: "Lucky," "Phat," "Clem"

Born June 4, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Princeton or Dartmouth

N. H. S. Football Team, 1919-20

N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1918-19-20

Baseball, 1920

Student Council, 1920

EDWIN HORN CODMAN

1743 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.

"VILLAIN AND HE BE MANY MILES APART"

Nickname: "Ed," "Cod"

Born August 17, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Harvard

Debating Club, 1919-20-21

English Club, 1920-21

WINTHROP PRESCOTT CODY

1596 Center St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"THEY SAY MIRACLES ARE PAST"

Born September 8, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass. Agricultural College

English Club, 1919-20

Assistant Baseball Manager, 1920





#### ELIZABETH COLE

30 Langley Road, Newton Center, Mass.

"O WOMAN IN OUR HOURS OF EASE,  
UNCERTAIN, COY, AND HARD TO PLEASE"

Nickname: "Betty"

Born October 4, 1903

Classical Course 3 years; Special Course 1 year  
Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1919-20-21

#### GEORGE HALL CONE

16 Linden Terrace, Newton, Mass.

"LET THE WORLD SLIDE!"

Nickname: "Cony"

Born May 11, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Boys' Debating Club, 1919-20-21

#### HELEN CRAMPTON

63 Grafton St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"HER AIR, HER MANNERS, ALL WHO SAW,  
ADMIRER"

Nickname: "Crumpy"

Born November 7, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Undecided

Class Hockey Team, 1916-17

Student Council, 1920-21

Picture Committee, 1921

#### RUTH CRARY

21 Foster St., Newtonville, Mass.

"HER WAYS ARE OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL  
HER PATHS ARE PEACE"

Nickname: "Bill"

Born May 6, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Brimmer School

College Intentions: Vassar

#### HELEN CROSBY

46 Lenox St., West Newton, Mass.

"A CANDID CENSOR,  
A FRIEND SINCERE"

Born December 8, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Class Hockey, 1917-18-19-20-21

School Hockey Team, 1921

Class Basketball, 1921

English Club

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Girls' Tennis Team, 1920-21

Tennis Manager, 1921



ROGER CUMMINGS

1136 Center St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"UNRIVALED AS THY MERIT, BE THY FAME"

Nickname: "Koon"

Born May 25, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Brown

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Student Council, 1920-21

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1920-21

English Club, Secretary and Treasurer, 1920-21

Senior Class Orator, 1921

DONALD THOMPSON CUNNINGHAM

191 Newtonville Ave., Newton, Mass.

"MISCHIEF—THOU ART QUICK TO ENTER THE  
THOUGHTS OF DESPERATE MAN"

Nickname: "Cutie"

Born June 10, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Wesleyan

N. H. S. Track, 1920-21

Debating Club, 1920-21

Orchestra, 1908-19

Class Football, 1920

Assistant Manager of Football, 1919

Cheer Leader, 1920-21

JEANNETTE LYONS CURTISS

599 Centre St., Newton, Mass.

"WITH HER WHOLE HEARTS' WELCOME IN HER  
SMILE"

Nickname: "Jenny"

Born July 1, 1903

General Course 2 years; Classical Course 2 years  
Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston School of Physical  
Education

Class Hockey, 1918-19

Student Council, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921

ELEANOR DABOLL

84 Walker St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THOU ART AN HONEST WOMAN"

Born January 15, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1919-20-21

French Club, 1919-20

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Volley Ball, 1918

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

OLIVE MYRTLE DAVIS

Willow Farm, Newtonville, Mass.

"WHICH NOT EVEN CRITICS CRITICISE"

Born May 15, 1902

General Course and Classical Course

Entered from Weston High School

College Intentions: Mass. Gen. Training School  
for Nurses and Mass. Agricultural College





EDWARD WILLIAM DESMOND  
 51 Wildwood Ave., Newtonville, Mass.  
 "HEAR YE NOT THE HUM OF MIGHTY WORKING?"  
 Nickname: "Des," "Ed"  
 Born October 23, 1902  
 Classical Course, Room 23  
 Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Boston College  
 Boys' Debating Club, 1918-19-20-21  
 English Club, 1920-21  
 Newtonian Staff, 1921



GARIBALDI EDWARD DILUZIO  
 109 Warren St., Newton Centre, Mass.  
 "YOUNG FELLOWS WILL BE YOUNG FELLOWS"  
 Nickname: "Garry," "Lutzie"  
 Born December 16, 1902  
 Classical Course, Room 23  
 Entered from Mason Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Harvard  
 Newtonian Staff, 1921



LOUISE HELEN DUANE  
 216 River St., West Newton, Mass.  
 "A WOMAN'S NOBLEST STATION IS RETREAT"  
 Nickname: "Lou"  
 Born March 30, 1903  
 Classical Course, Room 24  
 Entered from Peirce Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Boston School of Physical  
 Education  
 Class Hockey, 1919-20-21  
 Girls' Hockey Team, 1919-20-21  
 Class Basketball, 1917-18-19



JOHN JOSEPH DUNLEAVY  
 62 Bridge St., Newton, Mass.  
 "I AM SOLEMN AS A JUDGE"  
 Nickname: "Johnny," "Jack"  
 Born November 24, 1899  
 Scientific Course, Room 24  
 Entered from Stearns Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.



ALICE ELEANOR ANN DUVALL  
 37 Champa Ave., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.  
 "A STILL, SOFT VOICE"  
 Nickname: "Dimples"  
 Born May 7, 1903  
 General Course, Room 14  
 Entered from Emerson Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Boston University

1921



JANET NICHOLSON EATON

35 Lenox St., West Newton, Mass.

"TO LOVE HER IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION"

Nickname: "K-I-D"

Born August 6, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Pawtucket High School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1920

Girls' Debating Club, 1919

Class Basketball, 1919-20-21

Class Hockey, 1919-20-21

Student Council, 1919, 1921

Newtonian Staff, 1921

N. H. S. Hockey, 1921

N. H. S. Basketball, 1921

DOROTHY MAE EMERY

15 Randolph St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"THERE IS GREAT ABILITY IN KNOWING HOW TO  
CONCEAL ONE'S ABILITY"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born January 15, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University C. S. S.

English Club, 1917-18-19-20

Girls' Debating Club, 1918-19

BERTRAM THAYER EWING

44 Judkins St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THIS MUCH HE DARES"

Nickname: "Bert"

Born May 20, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Class Football, 1917-18-19

N. H. S. Football, 1920

Hockey Squad, 1918-19-20

English Club, 1917-18-19

Science Club, 1919

DORIS MARION FELTON

68 Waban Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

"I WOULD BE A BUTTERFLY"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born April 20, 1905

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1920-21

DONALD BOSSON FLEMING

69 Hillside Ave., West Newton, Mass.

"NEW HONORS COME UPON HIM"

Nickname: "Don"

Born September 3, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921





MARGARET MANNING FLYNN  
28 Westbourne Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.  
"GOOD GIRLS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES"

Nickname: "Peg"  
Born September 28, 1903  
Classical Course, Room 24  
Entered from Girls' Latin School  
College Intentions: Choate School



NORMAN FOSS  
Newton, Mass.

"WHAT'ER HE DOES HE DOES WITH SO MUCH EASE,  
IN HIM ALONE T'WAS NATURAL TO PLEASE"  
Nickname: "Norm," "Flossy"  
Born May 25, 1904  
Scientific Course  
Entered from Horace Mann School  
College Intentions: M. I. T.  
Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21  
Boys' Debating Club, 1919-20  
English Club, 1920-21  
Director of Senior Play, 1921



HERBERT WOODCOME GARRITY  
27 Hillside Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"DEEPER THAN EVER A PLUMMIT SOUND, I'LL  
DROWN MY BOOKS"

Nickname: "Herb"  
Born September 20, 1903  
Scientific Course, Room 24  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Princeton  
Class Football, Captain, 1917  
N. H. S. Football Team, 1918-19-20  
Baseball Squad, 1919-20-21  
Class Treasurer, 1919-20



ROBERT EDWIN GARRITY  
27 Hillside Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE"

Nickname: "Bob"  
Born January 4, 1902  
Scientific Course, Room 24  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Princeton  
N. H. S. Football Team, 1917-18-19-20  
Captain 1919-20  
Class President, 1917-18-19-20  
Student Council, 1917-18-19-20  
N. H. S. Track Team, 1917-18-19-20-21  
N. H. S. Baseball, 1919-20  
Picture Committee, 1921



ETHEL GOODWIN  
26 Aberdeen St., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"TO BE SLOW IN WORDS IS A WOMAN'S ONLY  
VIRTUE"

Nickname: "Husky," "Goody"  
Born March, 10, 1904  
General Course 2 years; Classical Course 2 years  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Abbott Academy  
English Club, 1920-21  
Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21  
Chemistry Club, 1919-20

1921



GEORGE LEO GRAHAM

553 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.

"NO HINGE NOR LOOP, TO HANG A DOUBT ON"

Born May 25, 1902

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Oliver Wendell Holmes School

College Intentions: Undecided

Class Football, 1917

Assistant Track Manager, 1919

English Club, 1920-21

Secretary Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1920-21

Editor-in-Chief of Newtonian, 1921

ELIOT KIMBALL GRANT

156 Park St., Newton, Mass.

"MUCH STUDY IS A WEARINESS"

Born June 15, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.

FREDERICK WILLIAM GRANTHAM, JR.

62 Vesta Ave., Auburndale, Mass.

"HE IS AS NEUTRAL AS AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE"

Nickname: "Fred"

Born March 26, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Charles C. Burr Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.

MARJORIE ELIZABETH GRAVES

294 Highland Ave., West Newton, Mass.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER, NOR CUSTOM STALE  
HER VANITY"

Nickname: "Marge"

Born July 17, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Undecided

BURTON PAYNE GRAY, JR.

45 The Ledges Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.

"AS LONG AS THEY MAKE 'EM"

Nickname: "Burt"

Born April 15, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Amherst

Track Squad, 1921

Class Football, 1919-20-21





# GRARSE GULIAN

17 Breamore Rd., Newton, Mass.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"

Nickname: "Joe"

Born May 29, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Brown or Princeton

School Orchestra, 1917-18

Football Squad, 1918-19

N. H. S. Football Team, 1919-20-21

Baseball Squad, 1919-20-21

Student Council, 1920-21

# ALEXANDER OTIS HAFF

40 Columbus St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"A MAN HE WAS TO ALL THE COUNTRY"

Nickname: "Al"

Born May 1, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; Scientific Course 3 years  
Room 23

Entered from Kearny High School, Kearny, N. J.

College Intentions: United States Naval  
Academy

Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21

School Orchestra, 1920-21

# KATHLEEN MASON HAFF

40 Columbus St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"THE VERY FLOWER OF YOUTH"

Nickname: "Kay"

Born March 13, 1906

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Kearny High School, Kearny, N. J.

College Intentions: Wellesley

# MILTON FIFIELD HALL

211 Central St., Auburndale, Mass.

"WHO IS SHE?"

Nickname: "Milt," "Milty"

Born November 10, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Class Football, 1919-20-21

# RALPH SAMPSON HANDY

15 Washington Park, Newtonville, Mass.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

Born March 15, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 22

Entered from Gilbert High School, Conn.

College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.

School Orchestra, 1921



ADELAIDE DUNNING HAWES

29 Glenwood Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.

"SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING POINT"

Nickname: "Ad"

Born November 21, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar College

English Club, 1918-19-20-21

French Club, 1919-20

Class Basketball, 1919-20-21

Review Staff, 1920-21

EUGENE WITT HAYDEN

77 Highland Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

"BEHIND A FROWNING PROVIDENCE, HE HIDES A  
SHINING FACE"

Nickname: "Gene," "Hooligan"

Born December 6, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

WARREN GIDDINGS HILL

68 Hyde St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"AS HE THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO HE IS"

Born October 16, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University

Class Track Team, 1917-18-19

Class Secretary, 1918-19-20

Class Treasurer, 1920-21

Class Football, 1917-18. 1920-21

Assistant Manager Hockey Team, 1919-20

N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1920-21

CHARLES ERNEST HILLIARD

13 Weir St., Auburndale, Mass.

"LET US THEN BE UP AND DOING"

Nickname: "Chick," "Charlie"

Born May 9, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: College of Liberal Arts B. U.

Football Squad, 1920-21

CLARK HODDER

360 Kenrick St., Newton, Mass.

"HE IS HIGH IN ALL THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS"

Nickname: "Click," "Arch"

Born November 9, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Class Football, 1917-18, 1920

English Club, 1921

Golf Team, 1920-21

Tennis Team, 1921

N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1919-20

N. H. S. Hockey Team, Captain, 1920-21

N. H. S. Baseball, 1920-21

Picture Committee, 1921

Reception Committee, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

President Boys' Student Council, 1921





# JOSEPHINE FORD HOPKINS

41 Gay St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THERE BUDS A PROMISE OF CELESTIAL WORTH"

Nickname: "Jo," "Hoppy"

Born October 6, 1903

Classical Course 3 years; General Course 1 year  
Room 14

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

English Club

English Club Play, 1920

Senior Play



# DOROTHY CONVERSE HOWARD

284 Fuller St., West Newton, Mass.

"SHE HAS KEPT THE WHITENESS OF HER SOUL"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born September 6, 1901

General Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21



# MURIEL HOWLAND

31 Vista Ave., Auburndale, Mass.

"PRINCIPLE IS EVER MY MOTTO"

Nickname: "Mukie," "Mooks"

Born May 19, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

English Club, 1919-20-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21



# DAVID RYERSON HULL

306 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR, OLD MAN"

Nickname: "Davy," "Dave"

Born October 29, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; Scientific Course 2 years  
Room 14

Entered from Portsmouth N. H. High School

College Intentions: Annapolis

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Senior Play



# MAURICE CRESSEY HUTCHINS

356 Auburndale Ave., Auburndale, Mass.

"AGAINST STUPIDITY, THE VERY GODS CONTEND"

Nickname: "Hut," "Hutch"

Born May 9, 1902

Scientific Course

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Bates

1921



EARLE SAUNDERS JOHNSON

38 Aberdeen St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"IF WOMAN BE THERE, THERE AM I, ALSO"

Nickname: "Oil," "Hovey"

Born August 21, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University

English Club, 1919-20

Class Football, 1919

Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21

WADE CORDINGLEY JOHNSON

61 Central St., Auburndale, Mass.

"WHO DOES NOT LOVE WINE, WOMAN AND SONG,

REMAINS A FOOL HIS WHOLE LIFE LONG"

Born March 14, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

CATHARINE BUSHNELL JONES

30 Ledges Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.

"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MY  
MARK"

Nickname: "Kitty," "Kay"

Born November 22, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

Class Basketball, 1916-17

Class Treasurer, 1916-17

Review Staff, 1918-19-20

Class Secretary, 1919-20

French Club, President 1920

English Club, 1920-21

Student Council, 1920-21

Valedictorian

ETHEL AUGUSTA JONES

1818 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.

"HER WIT WAS MORE THAN MAN,  
HER INNOCENCE, A CHILD"

Born June 17, 1900

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year  
Room 14

Entered from Harvard Grammar School, Camb.

English Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

MARION ETHEL JUTHE

261 Homer St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"WITH WASTEFUL WHIMS MORE THAN ENOUGH,  
I WONDER WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF"

Nickname: "Juthie"

Born April 12, 1903

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year  
Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Rogers Hall

Newtonian Staff, 1921

English Club, 1921 Girls Glee Club, 1921

Gymnasium Team, 1920

Class Basketball, 1917-18-19-20-21

N. H. S. Basketball, 1920-21

N. H. S. Basketball, Captain, 1921

Class Hockey, 1917-18-19-20

Class Volley Ball, 1917-18

Girls' Ice Hockey, 1921 Senior Play, 1921





RUTH HUBBARD KELLEY  
43 Floral St., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"THE SPORTS OF CHILDREN SATISFY THE CHILD"  
Nickname: "Rufus," "Ruthie"  
Born September 24, 1903  
General Course, Room 14  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Abbot Academy  
English Club, 1920-21



CAROLYN GORDON KENDALL  
145 Algonquin Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.  
"FAIN WOULD I CLIMB FEAR I TO FALL"  
Nickname: "Carry"  
Born June 29, 1904  
General Course, Room 14  
Entered from South Boston High School  
College Intentions: Simmons



EMILY AURELIA KENT  
67 Grove Hill Ave., Newtonville, Mass.  
"SHORT BUT SWEET"  
Nickname: "Kenty"  
Born February 24, 1904  
Classical Course, Room 24  
Entered from Claflin Grammar School  
College Intentions: Vassar  
English Club, 1920-21  
Class Hockey, 1918-19-20-21  
Class Basketball, 1918-19-20  
N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1921  
Newtonian Staff, 1921



KATHARINE BARNUM KNAPP  
321 Central St., Auburndale, Mass.  
"OH! NATURES NOBLEST GIFT,  
MY GRAY GOOSE QUILL"  
Nickname: "Kay," "Tommie"  
Born May 11, 1902  
Classical Course, Room 24  
Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School  
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke  
Girls' Debating Club, 1917-18  
Girls' Glee Club, 1918, 1920-21  
English Club, 1918-19-20-21  
Review Staff, 1921



ANNA DAHLSTRÖM KOLB  
146 Woodward St., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"NOTHING IS GIVEN SO PROFUSELY AS ADVICE"  
Nickname: "Anne," "Ay Kay"  
Born November 6, 1902  
General Course 4 years; Classical Course 1 year  
Room 14  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Chandler  
English Club, 1918-19-20-21  
French Club, 1919-20  
Girls' Debating Club, 1920-21  
Mandolin Club, 1921  
Girls' Glee Club, 1921

1921



BEATRICE LANE

55 Windsor Rd., Waban, Mass.

"SHE'S LOVELY, THEREFORE TO BE WOO'D,

SHE'S A WOMAN THEREFORE TO BE WON"

Nickname: "Bea," "Beatrice"

Born December 12, 1902

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years

Entered from Roger Wolcott School. Room 14

College Intentions: Knox School

Class Hockey, 1918-19

Manager Basketball, 1920-21

Class Secretary, 1920-21

Reception Committee. Student Council, 1919-20

LEONARD FREDERICK LAWRENCE

41 Commonwealth Ave., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

"KNOWLEDGE COMES BUT DOES NOT LINGER"

Nickname: "Bobbie." Born February 7, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; Scientific Course 2 years

Room 23

Entered from Hollis High School

College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.

Class Football, 1917-18. Class Basketball, 17-18

Class Baseball, 1918-19-20-21

Assistant Manager of Football, 1919

N. H. S. Hockey Team, Manager, 1920-21

Baseball Squad, 1920-21. Senior Play Manager

ELEANOR LEIGHTON

17 Proctor St., Newtonville, Mass.

"IF MAIDENS WILL BE YOUNG AND FAIR,

THEY HAVE THE GIFT TO KNOW IT"

Nickname: "Ellie" Born February 15, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Skidmore School of Arts

Class Hockey, 1917-18-19-20-21

Class Baseball, 1917-18. N. H. S. Hockey, 20-21

English Club, 1919-20-21. Senior Play

DONALD WILLIAM LEONARD

353 Albemarle Rd., Newtonville, Mass.

"HE'S SO GOOD, HE'S ALMOST GOOD FOR NOTHING"

Nickname: "Don"

Born April 7, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Wesleyan University

Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1919-20-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

RAYMOND DAVIS LEONARD

51 Brooks Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

"A LION AMONG THE LADIES IS A DANGEROUS  
THING"

Nickname: "Ray"

Born December 16, 1901

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass Institute of Tech.

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Athletic Committee

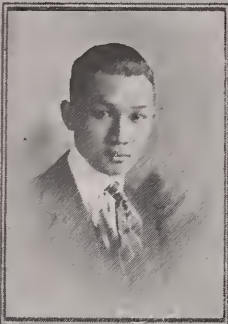
N. H. S. Football, 1919-20

Class Baseball, 1920-21

Track Squad, 1919-20-21

Student Council





LUIS LICHAUCO

103 Webster Park, West Newton, Mass.

"EVERY INCH A KING"

Born February 21, 1902  
 Scientific Course, Room 24  
 Entered from High School of Commerce  
 College Intentions: Cornell  
 Central High School, 1918-19  
 High School of Commerce, 1919-20  
 School Crew  
 Newton High School, 1920-21  
 English Club, 1920-21  
 Mandolin Club, 1920-21



CONSTANCE LYNDE

398 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.

"SUCH MEEKNESS"

Nickname: "Connie"  
 Born May 18, 1902  
 Classical Course, Room 24  
 Entered from Claffin Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Connecticut  
 Class Hockey, 1917-18-19  
 English Club, 1920-21



MILDRED ELIZABETH MACLEOD

130 Clark St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"WE MUST LAUGH BEFORE WE ARE HAPPY"

Nickname: "Millie," "Mill"  
 Born August 1, 1902  
 Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years  
 Room 13  
 Entered from Mason Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Simmons  
 Class Hockey, 1918-19  
 Girls' Glee Club, 1918-19-20-21  
 English Club, 1918-19-20-21  
 Senior Play, 1921



RUTH LA VERNE MASON

319 Bellevue St., Newton, Mass.

"THOUGH ON PLEASURE BENT, SHE HAS FRUGAL MIND"

Nickname: "Rufus," "Ruthie"  
 Born May 2, 1904  
 General Course, Room 13  
 Entered from Bigelow Grammar School  
 College Intentions: Boston University  
 Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21  
 Class Hockey Team, 1918-19



VIRGINIA McCLELLAN

49 Washington Park, Newtonville, Mass.

"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT"

Nickname: "Jinks"  
 Born April 30, 1902  
 Classical Course, Room 24  
 Entered from Claffin Grammar School  
 College Intentions: New England Conservatory  
 of Music

1921



FRANCES MARTHA McCULLOUGH

36 Irving St., Newton Centre, Mass.

" 'TIS NO TASK FOR SUNS TO SHINE"

Nickname: "Frannie"

Born February 17, 1903

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year

Room 13

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University C. S. S.

English Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

FREDERICK THOMAS McGILL, JR.

43 Fisher Ave., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"THEY SAY HE HAS GENIUS"

Nickname: "Fred," "Tom"

Born May 6, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

English Club, 1919-20-21

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

FRANCIS WILLIAM McOWEN

260 Elliot St., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

"THE BIGGEST RASCAL THAT WALKS ON TWO LEGS"

Nickname: "Mac"

Born April 19, 1902

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Emerson Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston College

ROBERT WARDROP MOIR

78 Woodbine St., Auburndale, Mass.

"TOMORROW DO THY WORST, FOR I HAVE LIVED  
TODAY"

Nickname: "Bob"

Born November 18, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Football Squad, 1920

MARY LOMBARD MOORE

147 Sumner St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"SHE'S PRETTY TO WALK WITH, WITTY TO TALK  
WITH, AND PLEASANT TO THINK OF TOO"

Born March 12, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years

Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Newton Hospital

Picture Committee, 1921







# FLORENCE MAGRAN MORFORD

29 Marlboro St., Newton, Mass.

"HER MODEST MANNER AND GRACEFUL AIR,  
SHOW HER WISE AND GOOD AS SHE IS FAIR"

Born December 12, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Brookline High School

Class Basketball Team, 1920-21

N. H. S. Basketball Team, 1920-21

Girls' Debating Club, 1920-21

Girls' Debating Team, 1920-21

English Club, 1920-21

Senior Play, 1921



# HAROLD JOSEPH MORGAN

32 Kimball Terrace, Newtonville, Mass.

"A HEART TO RESOLVE, A HEAD TO CONTRIVE,  
AND A HAND TO EXECUTE"

Born June 28, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Quincy High School

College Intentions: M. I. T.



# GRACE FLETCHER MORROW

72 Arlington St., Newton, Mass.

"BE WISELY WORLDLY,  
BE NOT WORLDLY WISE"

Nickname: "Billy"

Born August 30, 1901

Classical Course, Room 13

Entered from Brookline High School

College Intentions: Philadelphia College or Boston University



# AUDREY NEWTON

498 Chestnut St., Waban, Mass.

"GENTLE AS A WAYWARD CHILD"

Born September 15, 1903

Classical Course, Room

Entered from Milton High School

College Intentions: Boston University



# BESSIE CLINE NOBLE

119 Lincoln St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"A POET IS BORN, NOT MADE"

Nickname: "Ditty," "Dit"

Born November 6, 1900

Special Course, Room 13

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University

English Club, 1918-19-20-21

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1920-21

1921

JOHN RUSSELL NORTON

115 Hunnewell Ave., Newton, Mass.

"TRUE AS THE NEEDLE TO THE POINT

Nickname: "Jack"

Born November 5, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Williams

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1920-21

Manager, Newtonian, 1921

SHATTUCK WESTON OSBORNE

319 Cabot St., Newtonville, Mass.

"AND HE IS OFT THE WISEST,  
WHO IS NOT WISE AT ALL"

Nickname: "Shad"

Born June 14, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Review Manager, 1920-21

N. H. S. Football, 1920

Student Council, 1919-20-21. Senior Play 1921

FLORENCE OWEN

36 Hollis St., Newton, Mass.

"THE WILL TO DO—THE SOUL TO DARE"

Nickname: "Flossie," "Slam"

Born January 3, 1904

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year  
Room 13

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Business School

Field Hockey Team, 1918-19-20

Field Hockey, Captain, 1921

Student Council, 1919-20-21

English Club, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Senior Basketball Team, Captain, 1921

CONSTANCE PARKER

39 Nonantum St., Newton, Mass.

"IF I CHANCE TO TALK A LITTLE, FORGIVE ME"

Nickname: "Connie"

Born April 14, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Class Hockey, 1919-20-21

Hockey Team, 1919-20 Class Basketball, 1921

Student Council, 1919-20-21

Mandolin Club, 1921

Girls' Glee Club, 1921 English Club, 1921

Newtonian Staff, 1921. Senior Play, 1921

FRANCIS WILLIAM PARKER

18 Kempton Place, West Newton, Mass.

"HIS VERY MANNERS IN HIS FACE"

Nickname: "Rip," "Fran"

Born September 12, 1904

Classical Course 3 years; Scientific Course 1 year  
Room 14

Entered from Peirce Grammar School







AVERY SHERBURNE PEABODY  
70 Temple St., West Newton, Mass.

"I WAS A WILD AND WAYWARD BOY"

Nickname: "Unc"  
Born September 17, 1903  
Classical Course, Room 23  
Entered from Peirce Grammar School  
College Intentions: Harvard  
English Club, 1920-21  
Senior Play, 1921



DANA VERNON PHILLIPS  
181 Langley Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.

"A PROTEGE OF LEARNING"

Nickname: Phillipps  
Born September 13, 1904  
Scientific Course, Room 14  
Entered from Mason Grammar School  
College Intentions: Mass. Nautical School  
Senior Play, 1921



HENRY ADAMS PLIMPTON

11 Oxford Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.

"MAY NO ILL DREAMS DISTURB THY REST"

Nickname: "Henny," "Plimp"  
Born September 7, 1902  
Classical Course, Room 23  
Entered from Mason Grammar School  
College Intentions: Harvard  
Boys' Glee Club, 1921



ARLEIN DORIS PRATT

19 Parker St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"MY FEET ARE FRISKY, LIGHT TO AIRY, AND  
LIKEWISE AM I"

Nickname: "Leanie"  
Born April 20, 1902  
Classical Course, Room 13  
Entered from C. W. Morey School  
College Intentions: Undecided  
French Club, 1919-20  
English Club, 1919-20



JAMES WINSTON RAMEE

22 Warwick Rd., West Newton, Mass.

"THUS DOTHE HE REACH THE STARS"

Nickname: "Win"  
Born April 5, 1903  
Classical Course, Room 23  
Entered from Peirce Grammar School  
College Intentions: Cornell  
French Club, 1919-20  
Class Football, 1919-20  
Class Baseball, 1919-20

1921



ELSIE KRUSE REAY

21 Allerton Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.  
"AND FOR EVERY WHY, SHE HAD A WHEREFORE"  
Nickname: "El," "Annie"  
Born May 5, 1903  
Classical Course, Room  
Entered from Hyde Grammar School  
College Intentions: Boston University

CARL WALDEMAR RUHLIN

31 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass.  
"THIS SCHOOLBOY WITH HIS SATCHEL IN HIS HAND,  
WHISTLING ALOUD TO KEEP HIS COURAGE UP"  
Nickname: "Val"  
Born November 27, 1900  
Scientific Course, Room 24  
Entered from Holyoke High School  
College Intentions: Dartmouth  
Class Football, 1918  
Class Basketball, 1919  
Football Squad, 1920

ALFRED TRUNDY SHELDON

32 Farlow Rd., Newton, Mass.  
"I'VE DONE MY DUTY, AND I'VE DONE NO MORE"  
Nickname: "Al," "Allie," "Fu Chong"  
Born June 25, 1902  
Scientific Course, Room 14  
Entered from Country Day School  
College Intentions: Technology  
Student Council, 1919

HELEN MARY SCHULTZ

303 Cabot St., Newtonville, Mass.  
"HAPPY AM I; FROM CARE I'M FREE,  
WHY AREN'T THEY ALL CONTENTED LIKE ME?"  
Nickname: "Shultrie"  
Born July 18, 1902  
Classical Course, Room 23  
Entered from Clafin Grammar School  
College Intentions: Undecided  
Class Hockey, 1916-17-18-19-20-21  
Captain, 1919  
School Hockey Team, 1917-18-19-20-21  
Class Basketball, 1916-17-18-19-20-21  
School Basketball Team, 1919-20-21  
English Club, 1920-21  
Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

LERMOND FALES SIMONDS

4 Maple St., Auburndale, Mass.  
"KINDNESS IS A WISDOM"  
Nickname: "Lem," "Bunny"  
Born November 26, 1902  
Scientific Course, Room 14  
Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School  
College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.  
Assistant Track Manager, 1919  
English Club, 1919-20-21  
Chemistry Club, 1919-20  
Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21  
Boys' Glee Club, 1920-21





ARTHUR REINHARDT SMITH, JR.

97 Berkeley St., West Newton, Mass.

"HAD I A HEART FOR FALSE-HOOD FRAMED,  
I NE'ER COULD INJURE YOU"

Nickname: "Dizzy"

Born February 28, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Bowdoin or Dartmouth

N. H. S. Football Team, 1919-20-21

Student Council, 1920-21

Senior Dance Committee, 1921



CLARA NYE SMITH

56 Fairmont Ave., Newton, Mass.

"WHY AN AMBITION? I ADMIRE MY PRESENT STATE"

Nickname: "Claire"

Born December 15, 1902

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Mandolin Club, 1920-21



MARGARET RUTH STEADMAN

371 Austin St., West Newton, Mass.

"SHE WAS TIMID AS A WINTRY FLOWER"

Nickname: "Peggy," "Peg"

Born May 29, 1902

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year  
Room 13

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston School of Physical  
Education

English Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

Mandolin Club, 1920-21



EZRA FREDERIC STEVENS

1190 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

"HATH SO MUCH WIT AND MIRTH"

Nickname: "Ez"

Born September 18, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Emerson Grammar School

College Intentions: Mass. Institute of Tech.

Assistant Track Manager, 1919-20



ROBERT ALFRED STIMETS

29 Eden Ave., West Newton, Mass.

"ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE"

Nickname: "Al"

Born May 11, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Undecided

Football Squad, 1919-20

N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1918-19-20-21

Baseball Squad, 1919-20-21

1921



JOHN THOMAS STOKES

16 Richer Rd., Newton, Mass.

"THOUGHT AS A SAGE; FELT AS A MAN"

Born November 21, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Central High School, St. Paul,  
Minn.

College Intentions: Boston University

MARION SANFORD THOMPSON

1090 Walnut St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN PRECIOUS  
OINTMENT"

Nickname: "Tommy"

Born February 21, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Girls' Debating Team, 1920-21

Secretary, 1921

English Club, 1920-21

RALPH DOUGLAS THOMPSON

15 Forest St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"I PITY BASHFUL MEN"

Nickname: "Monk," "Tomp"

Born December 30, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Class Football, 1920-21

N. H. S. Track Team, 1921

HOMER SANFORD TILTON

1564 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.

"AN HONEST MAN, CLOSE-BUTTON'D TO THE CHIN,  
BROAD-CLOTH WITHOUT, WARM HEART WITHIN"

Nickname: "Tilt"

Born May 25, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Student Council, 1919-20

Manager Football, 1920

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

Athletic Committee, 1920

School Orchestra, 1920-21

WALTER THORNE TOWER

63 Perkins St., West Newton, Mass.

"A MORAL, SENSIBLE, WELL BRED MAN"

Nickname: "Tippy"

Born April 1, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

School Orchestra, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20







MARY DOMINICA TRACY

19 Waban Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.  
 "THEY ARE ONLY TRULY GREAT, WHO ARE TRULY  
 GOOD"

Nickname: "Kins"

Born August 4, 1901

General Course, Room 13

Entered from Sacred Heart Convent, Boston

College Intentions: Radcliffe or Normal Art

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

FLORENCE BUTTERICK TRUSSELL

28 Lothrop St., Newtonville, Mass.

"AS QUIET AS A NUN"

Nickname: "Florie"

Born January 27, 1902

Special Course, Room 13

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: N. E. Conservatory of Music

French Club, 1918-19

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

GWENDOLYN UNDERHILL

45 Monadnock Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

"I AM NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN BY MYSELF"

Nickname: "Gwen"

Born November 27, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club, 1920-21

RUTH ELIZABETH VAN DYNE

45 Waverley Ave., Newton, Mass.

"SHE'S AS GOOD AS SHE IS FAIR"

Nickname: "Ruthie"

Born November 7, 1902

Classical Course 4 years; General Course 1 year  
 Room 13

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: N. E. Conservatory of Music

English Club, 1920-21

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

FRANCES ELIZABETH VARNEY

34 Tyler Terrace, Newton Centre, Mass.

"AND MISTRESS OF HERSELF,—THOUGH CHINA  
 FALL"

Nickname: "Polly"

Born December 23, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: University of Washington

Basketball, 1918; 1920-21

Sub-Varisty Basketball, 1920-21

Sub-Varsity Hockey, 1920-21

English Club, 1919-20-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

French Club, 1919-20

Review Staff, 1920-21

### DOROTHY VIETS

54 Glenwood Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.

"A LITTLE HEAVY, BUT NO LESS DIVINE"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born August 10, 1903

Classical Course 3 years; General Course 2 years,  
Room 13

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Normal School

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21

French Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1920-21

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

Class Basketball, 1918

### RUTH CONSTANCE VOSE

350 Cabot St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THOSE ABOUT HER SHALL READ FROM HER, THE  
PERFECT WAYS OF HONOR"

Nickname: "Connie"

Born October 17, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

English Club, 1919-20-21

### HUGHES HARRY WAGNER

30 Lake Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.

"LONG EXPERIENCE MADE HIM SAGE"

Nickname: "Whanger," "Heinie"

Born March 22, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason City High School, Iowa

College Intentions: Ohio Wesleyan

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1920-21

Boys' Debating Club, 1919-20-21

President, 1920-21

Class Football, 1917-18-19-20

Baseball Squad, 1919-20-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921

Senior Play, 1921

Boys' Glee Club, 1921

### MARGARET WALKER

93 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

"THE SWEETEST GARLAND TO THE SWEETEST  
MAID"

Nickname: "Mig"

Born April 22, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

N. H. S. Basketball Manager, 1920-21

Girls' Athletic Committee, 1919-20

### MARY ESTELLA WELCH

101 River St., West Newton, Mass.

"HER GLANCE—HOW WIDELY BEAUTIFUL"

Nickname: "Jackie"

Born February 9, 1903

General Course, Room 13

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston School of Physical  
Education

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21







KATHERINE WHITE

115 Park St., Newton, Mass.

"BRIGHTER THAN A SUMMER'S MORN"

Nickname: "K"

Born June 3, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Dramatic School



RUFUS SAXTON WILSON, JR.

15 Alden St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"NO MAN CAN BE WISE ON AN EMPTY STOMACH"

Nickname: "Bud"

Born December 12, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Winthrop High School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Track Squad, 1920-21

Class Football, 1920

Class Baseball, 1921



MARY WOODCOCK

369 Walnut St., Newtonville, Mass.

"THE GRASS STOOPS NOT, SHE TREADS ON IT SO LIGHT"

Born January 8, 1904

General Course, Room 13

Entered from Winthrop High School

College Intentions: Cushing Academy

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21



HELEN WOODS

123 Summer St., Newton Centre, Mass.

"SUNSHINE FOR ALL"

Nickname: "Woodsie"

Born May 1, 1903

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Student Council, 1919-20

English Club, 1920-21



ERNEST HAROLD WOODWORTH

120 Church St., Newton, Mass.

"REJOICE, O, YOUNG MAN, IN THY YOUTH"

Nickname: "Woody," "Ernie"

Born February 25, 1899

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Grant School, Watertown

College Intentions: Northeastern

Class Relay, 1915

Class Relay, 1916

Left School to join Navy, April 1917

Returned to School, September 1919

1921



ANDREWS WYMAN

15 Winnetaska Rd., Waban, Mass.

" 'TIS IMPIOUS IN A GOOD MAN, TO BE SAD"

Nickname: "Skinny"

Born October 3, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Harvard

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

English Club, 1920-21

Senior Play, 1921



GLADYS LOUISE LAWRENCE

144 Hancock St., Auburndale, Mass.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL  
INHERIT THE EARTH"

Nickname: "Glugs"

Born May 11, 1902

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Girls' Debating Club, 1917

English Club, 1919; 1921

Girls' Glee Club, 1919; 1921

MELVIN JAMES MABEY

300 Centre St., Newton, Mass.

"HE SIGHS AND LOOKS UNUTTERABLE THINGS"

Born April 1, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

## History of the Kingdom of 1921

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IN the beginning, all was chaos and darkness thruout the Great World. Indeed this disorder prevailed, because there were no leaders anywhere until the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen. At the close of the summer of this never-to-be-forgotten year, small groups of people began to come together, gradually forming clans and tribes. They came from all the surrounding towns: from the High Lands, the New Town, the Dales of Waban, and the settlement by the Falls. But these were the most brilliant and enterprising groups of young people ever assembled in the Great World, and accordingly they set about to improve the disorderly state of affairs.

And so, when an extremely large body had arrived, they assembled in the great meeting-place, and proceeded to choose a King. Donald, of the Reynolds clan was crowned the first ruler of the Kingdom of 1921, with Robert of the Smith gens as his first Councilor, Princess Eleanor of the Roberts gens as Recorder of all important events, and Grand Duke Theodore of the clan of Trefreys to manage the Finances.

This first year of life in the new kingdom was, on the whole, a very peaceful one. The three neighboring kingdoms of the Great World, (called 1918, 1919, and 1920), were more interested in the art of warfare, and even went outside to conquer the people of other worlds in the great Football and Baseball Wars. Twenty-one, however, stayed at home and fought only a few unsuccessful Hockey and Track battles with her nearest neighbor, 1920.

It was when the Twenty-oneites had hardly entered upon the second year of their existence in the World, that some of their bravest women fighters planned a conquest. These Amazons then fought the women of 1922 with such terrible fierceness that they actually came from the field with the scalps of their victims dangling loosely from the summits of their long, curved, wooden weapons! For this, you must know, was a Field Hockey battle!

Hardly was this victory gained; however, when a great epidemic seized the panic-stricken inhabitants of the Great World. All the people were obliged to stay at their homes thruout the whole period, and literally bowls of tears were shed and rows of teeth gnashed over the days missed at the Great World. After this plague, (called in some records "the fluey,") had raged without mercy for several weeks, the multitudes were able to return once more to their dai'y tasks.

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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Archduke Alfred of the clan of Staffords was the second successful ruler over the kingdom of 1921. Duke Donald of the Fleming clan was his first Councilor; Prince Warren of the clan originally from a Hill, was Recorder of Events, and the Grand Duchess Frances of the Hatch clan was Minister of Finance.

At the beginning of the fall of the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen, this History first becomes authentic. Since the reign of Archduke Alfred had previously proven so prosperous, it was decided to show appreciation of his services by again crowning him King. In fact, some of his subjects who knew him best, conferred on him the affectionate pet name of "Jakie." Always a democratic soul, this same King condescended to mingle with the commoners in the great Football and Baseball Wars of 1919. He was by far the most faithful representative of 1921, and stood ready to sacrifice all for his beloved Kingdom and World!

Women Suffrage having been early established in this all-progressive Kingdom, a woman was now given the chance to be the King's first councilor in War and Peace. She was the Countess Charlotte, of the Fawcett gens. The same Recorder of Events and Minister of Finance were retained for further services.

Gatherings were held regularly from time to time in the great meeting place, and it was there that the people heard the Royal proclamations. At one memorable gathering of the populace, when many were far more than passing weary and bowed down with the stupendous task of writing Junior Essays, a proclamation was made which caused great joy among the people. For these tidings of great joy brought the news of a festival of the Dance, the Junior Hop, which was to occur shortly. According to most records, this was altogether a most successful affair, for the peasantry flocked from all the country-side to participate in the gay celebration.

Likewise emblazoned in shining letters on the annals of 1921 history, are the deeds of their women at the Olympic Games in Brookline. How could such a victory ever have been won without the jumping of Lady Anne Bruner (scandalous though the thought may seem!) or without the running of Lady Marion Juthe, or the climbing of Lady Jeannette Curtiss!

In the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, the country was one composed largely of wise, aged philosophers and sages. How changed were its inhabitants from those ignorant, rustic tribes of 1917! This fact may be partly explained by observing that several older, wiser men and women recently called Sub-Seniors had decided to join the ranks of 1921. (This decision was undoubtedly a result of their boundless wisdom!) From their midst arose a great man, destined to fame in future generations. This was their King, Frederick of the clan of Blodgett, surnamed "Peter the Great." Lady Anne Bruner was crowned "Queen Anne," as his first assistant in affairs of State;



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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Princess Beatrice from the Lanes of Waban was Recorder of Events; and Prince Warren was Minister of Finance.

The House of Commons, made up of Representatives from all the Great World, was very largely 1921 in size and in spirit. Politics and affairs of government now took on a new meaning and the regular assemblies became matters of great concern.

And not only in peace, but in war, was the reign of Peter the Great the most noted in years. When, in the month of December, the men of the several Kingdoms of the World met to hold a great Track battle, it was all too evident that 1921 could easily surpass the others. A great victory was then won, and as a result, the Class Championship was awarded to 1921! The degree of Knighthood was here conferred upon Robert of the gens of Garritys,—he who was the wonderful General in the Football War, and the Winner of the Marathon at the Track Battle.

Without doubt the period of 1920-21 was the Golden Age of Literature. Sir Frederick McGill was the outstanding writer of the day, and contributed generously to the World-wide publications: the "Review" and "Newtonian."

Early in this fourth year, the whole Great World assembled in the common meeting-place to hear an oratorical contest. The many selections were rendered beautifully by representatives from all the Kingdoms, but yet it was not hard to choose Lady Florence Morford and Lord Roger Cummings as the wearers of the laurel wreathes of the victors. 1921 was again in the foreground! The leading dramatist of the age was the Lady Priscilla Aurelio, whose masterpiece the "Rubber Key" won such fame that people from all over the World came to witness the production.

For the first time since the creation of the World, on the eleventh day of March 1921, six famous women succeeded in showing Brookline and Somerville that they were the ones who could talk the best of them all! 1921 once more had the honor of claiming three of these celebrities. (To be sure, however, some cannot understand to this day why it was necessary to hold such a contest, for the result had long been a well-known fact!)

On this same great day of March, two bands of roving minstrels who chanced nearby offered their services to play and sing to the multitudes. The Duchess Florence Owen, their prima donna, who was able by some good fortune to be present, was accompanied by many who played skillfully on their stringed instruments. Since the men desired also to sing, they too formed a large band of minstrels. And the greatest of these was the Count Clark Hodder, commander-in-chief of the army during the Mid-Winter campaign.

In every country a few always gain more honors than the multitude and accordingly "Cutie" Cunningham became the Court Jester; Roger Cummings

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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was Poet-Laureate; while he who made the greatest progress along scientific lines was Shattuck Osborne, world-famed Chemist. Among those engaged to entertain the Royal family as Court Players were: David, of the Hull gens; one Andrews of the Wyman clan; a certain Elizabeth from a Hamlet by a Brook; and lastly, the two most youthful and accomplished players: Josephine of the Hopkins clan, and Eleanor of a Late Town.

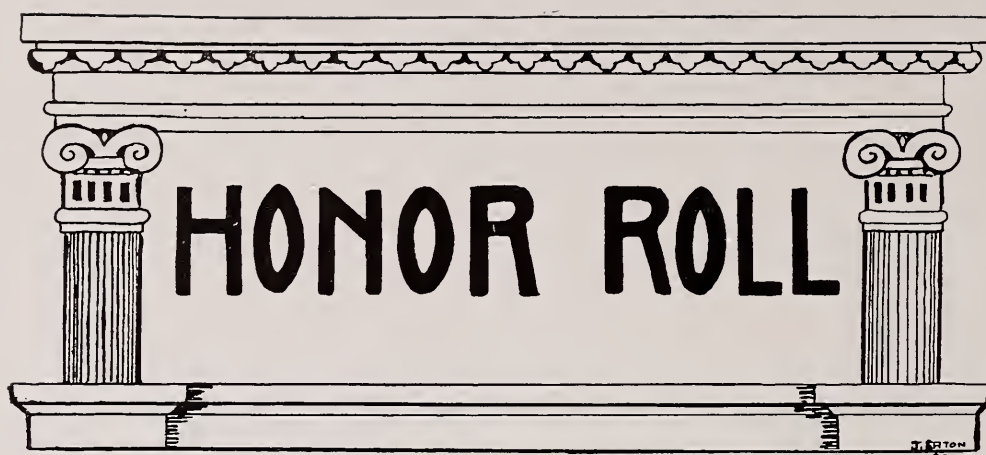
One day toward the last of June, when Peter the Great was still patiently trying in vain to calm the violent crowds with his deep, commanding voice, a most strange thing happened. And with a loud cry of "Farewell, Alma Mater," the Kingdom of 1921, flourishing proudly aloft their long, white scrolls, suddenly scattered to the four corners of the Earth!

No records tell what has become of them, no one has been able to tell whether they will ever return again. Only Peter the Great was left, with the remnants of a broken sceptre in his hand. Someone had the presence of mind to take down his words at this great crisis, and these are what they were:

"Twenty-One has gone as quickly as she came, four years ago. She has lived a happy life here and no one regrets her departure more than I! For truly, as I look back over the years of her short existence and compare her good points and her faults with those of other nations, I feel more and more that she has been and always will be 'Second to None'."

SYLVIA CHAPMAN.





*First Honor*—CATHARINE BUSHNELL JONES

*Second Honor*—DONALD BOSSON FLEMING

Faith Kathryn Additon

Marion Kathleen Allen

Priscilla Davis Aurelio

Eileen Marie Brophy

Elizabeth Abbott Burnham

Barbara Ingersoll Butler

Martha Augusta Carter

Sylvia Chapman

Helen Crampton

Eleanor Daboll

John Alden Christie

Edwin Horn Codman

Roger Cummings

Clark Hodder

David Ryerson Hull

Janet Nicholson Eaton

Adelaide Dunning Hawes

Muriel Howland

Carolyn Gordon Kendall

Emily Aurelia Kent

Gladys Louise Lawrence

Ruth Elva La Verne Mason

Marion Sanford Thompson

Ruth Constance Vose

Margaret Walker

Wade Cordingley Johnson

Donald William Leonard

Frederick Thomas McGill, Jr.

Arthur Reinhardt Smith, Jr.

Homer Sanford Tilton

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# THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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## Senior Statistics

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<b>MOST POPULAR MAN</b>	<b>CLASS WOMAN-HATER</b>	<b>TEACHER'S PET</b>
<b>TEACHER</b>	1. George Graham	1. Faith Additon
1. Mr. Dickinson	2. Norman Foss	2. Norman Foss
2. Mr. Davis	<b>CLASS ACTOR</b>	<b>MOST EXTRAVAGANT MEMBER</b>
<b>MOST POPULAR WOMAN TEACHER</b>	1. Clark Hodder	1. Doris Felton
1. Miss McGill	2. Hughes Wagner	2. Clark Hodder
2. Miss Capron	<b>CLASS ACTRESS</b>	<b>PRETTIEST GIRL MEMBER</b>
<b>TALLEST MEMBER</b>	1. Florence Morford	1. Beatrice Lane
Norman Foss	2. Josephine Hopkins	2. Helen Crampton
<b>SHORTEST MEMBER</b>	<b>MOST ARGUMENTATIVE MEMBER</b>	<b>HANDSOMEST BOY MEMBER</b>
Dorothy Viets	1. Donald Cunningham	1. Warren Hill
<b>CLASS BABY</b>	2. Ruth Ayres	2. Frederick Blodgett
Kathleen Haff	<b>LAZIEST MEMBER</b>	<b>BEST BOY ATHLETE</b>
<b>CLASS WILLIE BOY</b>	1. Clement Coady	1. Clement Coady*
1. Avery Peabody	2. Alfred Stimets	Robert Garrity*
2. Norman Foss	<b>MOST ENERGETIC MEMBER</b>	2. Clark Hodder
<b>CLASS CUT UP</b>	1. George Graham	<b>BEST GIRL ATHLETE</b>
1. Donald Cunningham	2. John Norton	1. Marion Juthe
2. Arthur Smith	<b>MOST LITERARY MEMBER</b>	2. Florence Owen*
<b>CLASS PEST</b>	1. Priscilla Aurelio	Helen Schultz*
1. Bertram Ewing	2. Sylvia Chapman	<b>MOST POPULAR GIRL</b>
2. Leonard Lawrence	<b>MOST ARTISTIC MEMBER</b>	1. Beatrice Lane
<b>CLASS GRIND</b>	1. Janet Eaton	2. Helen Crampton
1. Frederick McGill	2. Donald Leonard	<b>MOST POPULAR BOY</b>
2. Catharine Jones	<b>MOST MUSICAL MEMBER</b>	1. Frederick Blodgett
<b>CLASS FLIRT</b>	1. Donald Cunningham	2. Clark Hodder
1. Florence Morford	2. Florence Owen	
2. Mary Moore	<b>MOST ENTERTAINING MEMBER</b>	
<b>CLASS FUSSER</b>	1. Donald Cunningham	
1. Clement Coady	2. Mary Moore*	
2. Charles Butler	Mildred Macleod*	
<b>CLASS DUDE</b>		
1. Luis Lichauco		
2. Garibaldi Diluzio		
<b>CLASS MAN-HATER</b>		
1. Ruth Ayres		
2. Faith Additon		

\*—Tie Vote



# JOB-SENIORS

R. WILKIE



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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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SUB-SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

### Sub-Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ALFRED H. STAFFORD
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MADOLON A. BARTLETT
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ALLEN A. KAWEL
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	FRANCES J. HATCH

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### Sub-Senior Class History

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**T**WAS on the first day of vacation that the door at aunt Dottie's farmhouse was opened to admit a tall, gawky youth. "Come right in Hiram,—set right down—Dot just got here this morning, she'll be down in jest a minute." Aunt Susie relieved her chest of all this in a bustling, jerky manner and an embarrassed pause followed while Hiram bashfully followed her into the typical sacred, dark and damp front room of the New England home.

"Oh! perhaps while you're waiting you'd like me to show you the photy-grapht album"—she eyed it thankfully— "with the pictures of the swell school in Newton where Dottie goes." Aunt Susie promptly fetched the book and Hiram pulled himself together for the ordeal, consoled only by the fact that there might be a picture of Dottie.

"Now all these first pictures are of other classes, but these are the officers of the class of '22 *she* belongs to. You see they be jest like the President of the United States. They bosses the class and they're awfully popular, she says." Aunt Dottie was fearfully nearsighted. With her bulging eyes almost touching the book itself, she laboriously reads the names under each picture adding such comment as the following:

"Let's see, here's—Donald Reynolds, president—Robert Smith, vice-president,—Eleanor Roberts, secretary—and Theo-Theodore Trefry, treasurer.—That's when they were Fresh. Now these be the Softymores," she turned each page slowly, "Stafford, president—Flemming, vice-president—Hill, secretary—Miss Hatch, treasurer." Aunt Susie turned toward Hiram whose open mouth and sleepy-eyes portrayed deep interest!

"Law," she continued undaunted, "you'd ought to hear Dot rave about that Stafford affair—Jake they calls him. She sets here by the hour, in her vacations, jest telling me about that one boy." Hiram was suddenly on the alert, a jealous gleam in his eyes, "He's been the president for three years and he's a wonderful football player. She says she jest thrills and chuckles to see him standing out on the middle of the field—all alone—with his hands on his hips and looking as grand as Washington himself. I guess her class is swelled up over him all right!"

Aunt Susie inwardly wished Dottie would hurry, but she felt she *must* entertain Hiram. Until the pictures ended she was all right so she went on with them.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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"Now see, here be the offacers of the Junior year. That one with the wavy hair is the same Jake, then here's Charlotte Fawcett, vice-president, Warren Hill, secretary, again, and this is Patrick Hatch, treasurer, again, Dot says they call them names like that in Newton.

"Now they be what they call Sub-Seniors and this year that my Dottie is in it is the first time the Sub-Seniors have had any officers. Here they be, 'Jake' Stafford, Madelon Bartlett, Allen Kawel and that same Miss Hatch.

"These last pictures are good; they've got a lot of people in them. This one"—Aunt Susie's eyes glared at the label—"is Room 22. That's where most of the Sub-Seniors live and Dot says they be real lively and make a lot of 'noyes.' She says the only time she was real mad was when a college girl came back to visit and asked the teacher right before them whether they were Fresh or Juniors, or what? These two pictures—are—Room 16—oh yes—and Room 10. Those be where all Sub-Seniors (pretty nearly) spend their *rest* hour after lunch."

Then Aunt Susie jumped—"Lawd, I smell them cookies burning to smithers." She stalked out. "Turn the page," she shouted back.

Poor Hiram breathed a sigh of relief and half-consciously turned the page which had a splendid picture of the entire Sub-Senior class. Soon his eye wandered aimlessly back to it and spying one of the prettiest of the Sub-Senior girls he murmured aloud, "I swan, what a good looking Jane." "Now Hiram you old flatterer!"

His eyes lighted as he saw Dottie standing in the doorway. He did not give himself away but said in a slow drawl: "I been looking at the album here and I guess that Sub-Senry class of your'n is the swellest class on earth."

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He was right!

ELIZABETH NICHOLS DONOVAN.



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NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

**Junior Class Officers**

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	EDWIN LOUGHREY
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	KATHARINE S. BINGHAM
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARY R. RICHARD
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	LOUISE LOVEJOY



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### A Story of the Class of 1922

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JOHN was any boy, from any school, in any part of the Newtons. In the year 1918 he was given a diploma, a very beautiful piece of writing, which he was told would admit him to High School. Thus John starts for glorious Newton High.

#### THE YEAR OF 1918-1919

John entered the tall yellow building, his mind full of the horrible stories he had heard about the cruel teachers and terrible lessons. The first day he sat about half the time in his home room while his teacher drilled into his head a general plan of the building and the four subjects he was about to fight. The first day was soon over and John carried home all his books with memories of how smart he was. But by the second week he had learned that the whole school was not looking at him in particular and that Latin was not as easy as it looked, nor English the same as the grammar school grammar, nor that Algebra was only easy Arithmetic.

Then came the class elections when David Lawlor was elected president; Roberta Ely, secretary; Margaret French, vice-president; and Edward Stimpson, treasurer. With the political business settled for the year, John turned his attention to track and succeeded in getting last place in most of the meets. After track the year was mostly study, with a report card now and then to show him how poor his work was. But he finally succeeded in getting thru the eventful year with all his subjects above par and twenty some points to his credit.

#### THE YEAR OF 1919-1920

One morning in September we again see John seated on the door-step of Newton High waiting for the fun to begin, so to speak. Only, John had learned one thing, high school was work, not play. Mr. Adams, the man who gave John a lecture last year for skipping a recitation and who John had perceived was the principal of the glorious school, said that the class had to elect new officers each year. For this cycle they were as follows: Edwin Loughrey, president; Edith Frost, vice-president; Mary Richard, secretary; and Edward Stimpson, treasurer. This year John had a taste of Geometry, in which he learned that "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." He also became acquainted with Caesar thru his "Gallic Wars," which he wished had never

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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been written and wondered why "the dickens" Caesar had not written them in English so other people could understand them. He also learned that "tres bien" meant "very good" and by practice learned to write, "Je ne suis rien." But John not only cultivated his mind, he also went out for football, track, and baseball along with the neck breaking exercises in the Gym under Dr. Martin, who told him what a "dumb-bell" he really was.

Thus John ended the year in which report cards, yellow slips, lunch tickets, and blue cards gave a beautiful coloring to the dark interior of the Newton Classical High School.

### THE YEAR OF 1920-1921

This year John entered school with his hair parted in the middle and a "jazz tie" adorning "the knotted column of his throat." He elected Loughrey for president; Catharine Bingham for vice-president; Mary Richard for Secretary; and Louise Lovejoy for treasurer. It seemed as though votes for women had struck Newton High.

John entered football and his team succeeded in being one of the leading class teams. John's class made a good showing in hockey, Dunlop being one of the best men on the Newton Team. The class also made a good showing with its men on the baseball team. But athletics did not take up all his time, my no!—Cicero was forced into him while he learned of the terrible misdeeds of Catiline. Chemistry also was drilled into him and he learned that water was  $H_2O$  and was not an element as most people think, that molecules of a solid substance were always moving and that was enough for him. If anyone could say a thing like that, why some day there would be telephone line to Mars. And so John ends his eventful Junior Year.

Au revoir but not good-by.

WILBUR ALLEN MAYNARD, '22.

# SOPHOMORES





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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT

### Sophomore Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HOWARD WHITMORE, JR.
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HERBERT W. HANSEN
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	WILLIAM L. NORTH
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARY S. ROBINSON

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### History for Rapid Readers

CLASS OF 1923

Scared? Yes! What Freshmen are not? In awe of the Seniors and suspicious of the Sophs. Appreciate Junior friendship. No time to think class organization. Too busy with Algebra, French, Science and English. A new world for two hundred and sixty-five folks just escaped from the 8th grade. One day somebody said "Class" and we had a meeting.

Officers? We elected them to guide our infant feet during our Freshman year. Here is the list:—President, Howard Whitmore; Vice-President, Caroline Cummings; Secretary, William North; Treasurer, Margaret Williams. To give our Treasurer something to do, we promised to pay ten cents a month as dues.

Proud? You said it! Look at the record of our boys. In *Track*, 20 points ahead of any other class. In *Football*, our team tied the Juniors and whipped the Sophomores. In *Baseball*, we tied the Sophomores, and for the first time in ten years a Freshman team beat the Sophs.

Hockey? Oh yes! Our girls had a fine team with splendid spirit, but, alas! we were beaten by the Sophomores. And that is what happened also in basketball. It was a hard fought game, contested to the last, but the Sophomore girls won. Score 2-1.

Over the line into 1921. Full fledged Sophomores now. Ready to air our wisdom and dignity before the newly arrived Freshmen.

More victories. McQuiston and Swartz won their "N" on Track. In Football, won from Sophomores of Brookline and Waltham. Esty got his football letter. Won inter-class meet. Sophomore girls beaten by Juniors but won against Freshmen in Basketball.

Officers once more. No change in captain on the Sophomore ship:—Howard Whitmore re-elected President; Vice-President, Herbert Hanson; Secretary, William North; Treasurer, Mary Robinson.

Rah! Two Sophomore girls win laurels in the Triangular Debate:—Caroline Cummings and Mary Elizabeth Edmands. Two very successful gymn dances for all who are socially inclined.

Encore! Of course, you will hear from us again. Keep your eye on 1923.

MARY FLORENCE LICHLITER, '23.

# FRESHMEN





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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT

### **Freshman Class Officers**

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ROBERT A. BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH PIGEON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	JEAN H. THOMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ROBERT C. ADAMS

## The Pickwickians Account of the Class of 1924

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A POST-CHAISE was ambling slowly down Walnut Street, Newtonville, Massachusetts. Inside were Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Tupman. Slowly taking his time the horse drew near to a large yellow brick building. It was 2:20 P. M., and a crowd of young people were streaming from the doors. Mr. Tupman, who always had his eye open for the fair sex, immediately roared to the driver in his most eloquent style to stop, and Mr. Winkle seconded the command. Mr. Pickwick looked from one of his followers to the other until at last he, too, caught sight of the fine young men and women. Whereupon he began to wonder who they were. At length he spied a gentleman in deep meditation walking along the street. He instantly despatched Mr. Snodgrass to inquire of this venerable gentleman who the boys and girls were. Mr. Snodgrass approached him timidly and asked concerning the young people. Mr. Adams, for it was none other than our honored principal, answered with no little pride, "This is the Freshman Class, otherwise Class of 1924." Mr. Snodgrass returned with the information while Mr. Pickwick declared that he would go and investigate this interesting class of beings and deliver to the world an authentic report concerning them. Several days later Mr. Pickwick made the following statement to the members of the society:

"We, as members of the famous Pickwick Club are greatly delighted to be able to present to the world our carefully and laboriously written history of the Class of 1924.

"The Class of 1924 is composed chiefly of a small stunted variety of the 'genus homo' called 'Freshmen.' We are very much interested to observe the way in which the said species at first is always getting lost in the dark corners of the Universe where this race is found most abundantly. We, after a minute's study of the conditions, accounted for this difficulty from the fact that the aforementioned genus is possessed of a very limited mentality, also that it is not true that certain members of this clan were advertised for in the lost and found column of the *Saturday Evening Transcript*.

"Upon observations carefully recorded in our note books, we found that 'Freshman' took great delight in very curious games which seemed to us to consist in getting as many 'black eyes' (so termed by themselves and carefully recorded by us) as possible. These games were given the names of basket ball, field hockey, football and baseball respectively. After being attentive specta-

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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tors at many of these struggles which were carried on between the race under discussion and others inhabiting the same sphere, that although apparently two or three centuries younger than the opposing party they always put up a hard fight and *sometimes* completely 'licked' the other side. We here wish to compliment the Freshmen athletic teams on the fine work which we have always seen them do.

"In order to give a complete account of this species to the world we felt it necessary to discover the form of government adopted by this curious race. After pouring over the dusty manuscripts of the secretary, we found that this species lives under a republican form of government with a President as leading power. We then unearthed the following evidence:—President, Robert Brown; Vice-President, Ruth Pigeon; Secretary, Jean Thompson; Treasurer, Robert Adams. With these officers as protectors of the peace, there have been no revolts or revolutionary disturbances which is so often the case in a new republic. We enthusiastically congratulate these officials on the splendid work which they have done for their community.

"Having heard that many years ago there had been a tribe of similar name who lived in the same part of the globe, we endeavored to compare the present race with this one. With all due respect to members of former Freshmen Classes, who may still survive, we may say that we find that this class is vastly superior to any other class which has been or ever will be. We also wish to record here that we believe that IF teachers talked in their sleep, they would admit that the Class of 1924 is the brightest, best and most obliging class they have ever dreamed about.

"In closing we wish to say a word to the Class itself. The Class of 1924 has been a 'howling success' because of the fine spirit of coöperation which is evident in all their activities and accomplishments. Keep up the good work, and if when you get to be Seniors you aren't still the finest class in the High School it won't be because you didn't have a good start.

Respectfully submitted,

THE PICKWICKIAN CLUB,

(Per ROSEMARY PARK, 1924.)"





1920

- Sept. 8 Football practice began.
- Sept. 13 School opened.
- Sept. 30 Football—Newton 51; Needham 0.
- Oct. 1 First meeting of the English Club.
- Oct. 2 Second team Football—Newton 6; Country Day 0.
- Oct. 4 Senior class meeting—Officers nominated.
- Oct. 5 Sub-Senior class meeting—officers nominated.
- Oct. 5 Football—Newton 21; Dean 2nd 0.
- Oct. 8 English Club trip to Lexington.
- Oct. 12 League Football—Newton 34; Everett 0.
- Oct. 16 League Football—Newton 7; Medford 6.
- Oct. 20 Osborne, Capon, Mr. Underwood and Mr. Lane spoke for the "Review."
- Oct. 20 Lunch "A"—Upper classmen had song-and-cheer practice.
- Oct. 22 Sub-Senior "Gym-dance."
- Oct. 23 League Football—Newton 19; Somerville 0.
- Oct. 30 League Football—Newton 13; Rindge 0.
- Nov. 3 Prize declamations—First prizes: Miss Florence Morford and Roger Cummings; second prizes: Miss Beatrice Smyth and Robert Brown.
- Nov. 5 League Football—Newton 20; Malden 3.
- Nov. 6 Field Hockey—Miss Windsor's School 6; Newton 3.
- Nov. 10 Field Hockey—Lexington 3; Newton 3.
- Nov. 12 Field Hockey—Newton 3; Milton Academy 0.
- Nov. 13 Football—Newton 14; Waltham 0.
- Nov. 17 Folk songs and dances by Miss Salmon.
- Nov. 20 League Football—Cambridge 7; Newton 7.
- Nov. 25 League Football—Newton 13; Brookline 0.
- Nov. 27 State championship Football game—Haverhill 14; Newton 6.
- Dec. 3 Junior "Gym-dance."
- Dec. 7 Football letter-men attended a banquet at the home of Mr. G. B. Macomber.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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- Dec. 17 Sophomore "Gym-dance."  
 Dec. 18 Suburban League banquet at the Boston City Club.  
 Dec. 22 Address by Rev. J. Edgar Park on "The Pilgrims."  
 Dec. 22 English Club play, "Plutocrats and Pilgrims," for parents and freshmen.  
 Dec. 23 English Club play, for upper class-men.  
 Dec. 24 First day of vacation.

1921

- Jan. 4 Sub-Senior class meeting, in memory of their classmate, Robert Barrett, who died Jan. 2, 1921.  
 Jan. 8 League Hockey—Newton 6; Malden 0.  
 Jan. 11 League Hockey—Cambridge 2; Newton 1.  
 Jan. 15 Hockey—Newton 18; U. S. S. Nantucket 1.  
 Jan. 17 Hockey—Newton 6; Roxbury Latin 0.  
 Jan. 18 League Hockey—Newton 2; Arlington 0.  
 Jan. 19 Hockey—Newton 12; Wakefield 0.  
 Jan. 20 Mr. Charles Dana Meserve died.  
 Jan. 23 Mr. Meserve's funeral.  
 Jan. 25 League Hockey—Melrose 3; Newton 0.  
 Jan. 26 Hockey—Newton 5; Middlesex 1.  
 Jan. 28 Interclass track meet, won by Sophomores.  
 Jan. 29 Hockey—Newton 8; Stone School 1.  
 Feb. 1 Lecture by Prof. Moore of Colgate.  
 Feb. 1 League Hockey—Newton 6; Somerville 0.  
 Feb. 2 Memorial service for Mr. Meserve.  
 Feb. 2 Hockey—Newton 7; Belmont 1.  
 Feb. 4 Track—Medford 36  $\frac{2}{3}$ ; Newton 25  $\frac{1}{3}$ .  
 Feb. 9 Pilgrim theme prizes awarded. Violin solo by Nedelka Simeonova.  
 Feb. 9 Hockey—Newton 6; Browne and Nichols 1.  
 Feb. 11 Senior "Gym-dance."  
 Feb. 11 Track—Newton 31; Alumni 24.  
 Feb. 12 "Victory Dance"—gold footballs awarded to 1920 football lettermen.  
 Feb. 13 Dedication of memorial tablet to War Heroes.  
 Feb. 15 League Hockey—Newton 6; Brookline 0.  
 Feb. 16 First meeting of the Newtonian Staff.  
 Feb. 17 Girls' Basketball—Lasell 22; Newton 21.  
 Feb. 18 Washington-and-Lincoln exercises—declamations by Miss Benger, Miss Davis, Brown, Case, and Cummings.  
 Feb. 18 Hockey—Harvard Freshmen 4; Newton 2.

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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- Feb. 18 Track—Newton 33; Allen School 22.
- Feb. 19 Hockey—Newton 5; St. Marks 1.
- Feb. 22 League Hockey—Newton 2; Cambridge 1.
- Feb. 22 Track—Huntington School meet, Newton relay team fifth in the "440."
- Feb. 23 Appeal by Rev. Brewer Eddy for China Relief Fund.
- Feb. 23 Track—Newton intermediates 38; Medford intermediates 23.
- Feb. 25 Girls' Basketball—Watertown 48; Newton 21.
- Feb. 28 League Hockey—Melrose 3; Newton 2.
- March 2 Norton, Graham, and Mr. Underwood spoke for the "Newtonian."
- March 4 Sophomore "Gym-dance."
- March 4 Girls' Basketball—Winsor 37; Newton 29.
- March 4 League Hockey—Newton 2; Arlington 0.
- March 5 State track meet—Newton 7 1/2 points.
- March 10 Girls' Basketball—Newton 26; Wellesley 21.
- March 11 Girls' Triangular League debate: Newton beat Brookline; Newton beat Somerville; Brookline beat Somerville.
- March 18 Freshmen "Gym-dance."
- March 26 Girls' Basketball—Newton 37; Alumni 25.
- April 8 Junior "Gym-dance."
- April 12 Baseball—Newton 10; Rindge 4.
- April 16 Baseball—Newton 8; Everett 0.
- April 19 Baseball—Cambridge 16; Newton 2. (Last five innings played under protest.)
- April 20 Prize Declamations—First prizes: Miss Mary Edmands and Theodore Grant; Second prizes: Miss Mary Reynolds and Alfred Stafford.
- April 21 Baseball—Brookline 4; Newton 5.
- April 27 Baseball—Somerville at Somerville.
- April 29 Boys' debate with Brookline.
- May 4 Baseball—Rindge at Newton.
- May 7 Baseball—Everett at Everett.
- May 7 Senior Plays: "The Rubber Key" and "Make Yourself at Home."
- May 14 Senior Dance at Bray Hall.
- June 18 Graduation.
- June 18 Senior Party.



# ATHLETICS



1920-1921

# THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

## FOOTBALL

BENGSTON  
 BLODGETT  
 BOWEN G  
 BOWEN T  
 BOYCE  
 COADY  
 MR. DICKINSON (*Coach*)  
 ESTY  
 EWING  
 FRIED  
 GARRITY H  
 GARRITY R. (*Capt.*)  
 GULIAN  
 JENKINS  
 LEAHY  
 LEONARD  
 MACOMBER  
 MCKAY  
 OSBORNE  
 SMITH  
 STAFFORD  
 STEVENSON  
 STIMETS  
 TILTON (*Mgr.*)

## FIELD HOCKEY

BARTLETT  
 BRACE  
 BRUNER (*Mgr.*)  
 CROSBY  
 DUANE  
 EATON J  
 KENT  
 LEIGHTON  
 OWEN (*Capt.*)  
 SCHULTZ  
 TUCKER

## BASEBALL

BLODGETT (*Capt.*)  
 COADY  
 CRONIN  
 GARRITY H  
 HARRIS  
 HODDER  
 LEAHY  
 LEARY  
 MURPHY  
 SCHIPPER (*Mgr.*)  
 STAFFORD

## ICE HOCKEY

COADY  
 CORCORAN  
 DROWNE  
 DUNLOP  
 HARRIS  
 HODDER (*Capt.*)  
 LAWRENCE (*Mgr.*)  
 MACOMBER  
 STIMETS

## TRACK

BALL (*Mgr.*)  
 BLODGETT  
 CLAUSEN (*Capt.*)  
 CUNNINGHAM  
 GARRITY R.  
 HURLEY  
 MCDAVITT  
 MCQUISTON  
 RICHARDS A  
 RICHARDS W  
 RYALL  
 STAFFORD  
 SWARTZ  
 THOMPSON

## BASKET BALL

ALLEN  
 COOKE  
 CURLEY  
 EATON J  
 EATON M.  
 FROST  
 JUTHE (*Capt.*)  
 LANE (*Mgr.*)  
 MORFORD  
 SCHULTZ  
 ZIEGLER

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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL,

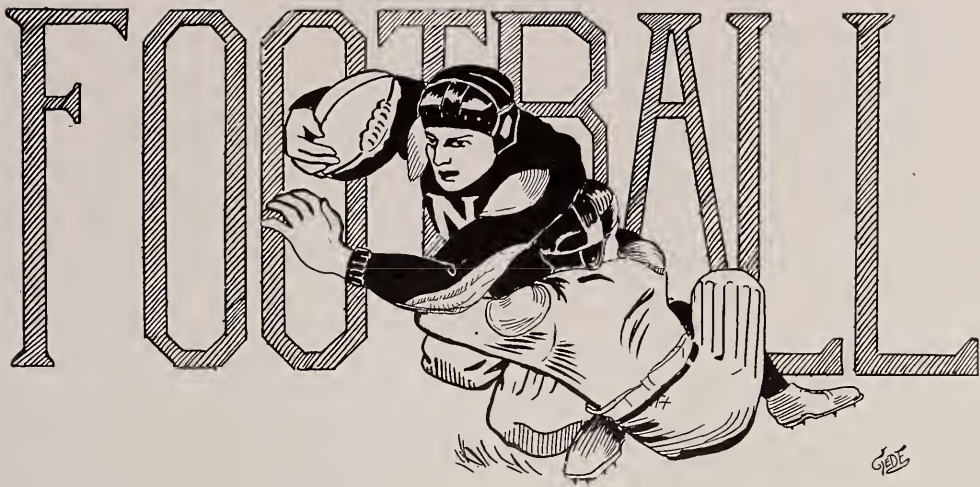
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FOOTBALL PICTURE

Kellaway	Coady	Leonard	Gulian	Dickinson ( <i>Coach</i> )	Leahy	Smith	Blodgett	G. Bowen	Tilton ( <i>Mgr.</i> )
T. Bowen	H. Garrity	Stafford	R. Garrity ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Osborne	Stimets	Jenkins			
McKay	Boyce	Fried	Macomber	Esty	Ewing	Stevenson			





*Captain, ROBERT E. GARRITY*

*Manager, HOMER S. TILTON*

**F**OOTBALL practice started almost a week before school, and with incessant drill for nearly a month, the squad was put into shape so that it started the season like a whirlwind and kept things stirring throughout the fall.

Summary of the team's accomplishments: By starting off with two light games, Needham was crushed 51-0, and Dean Academy 2nd team fell at 21-0. In the first league game Everett was whitewashed with a score of 34-0. This count duly repaid for the hard luck game at Everett in 1919. Medford scrapped hard but lost the chance to kick a goal, so Newton squeezed out with a 7-6 victory. The next victim was Somerville, who was pushed as if by a tank to a 19-0 downfall. Rindge fought harder than any former opponent but proved too weak, as was shown by Newton's tally of 13-0. Malden "frightened" us by scoring first with a drop-kick. But with accustomed pep the Orange and Black team piled up 20-3. The home game with our watch-city rivals sent the clock-makers away very late at 14 minutes to 0 o'clock. The Cambridge contest was our only tie, 7-7. The snow-ball fight on Thanksgiving Day morning froze out Brookline by 13-0. Then the post-season game at Haverhill took place, and Newton received its only defeat of the year, 14-6.

The Haverhill game was a hard luck deal if ever there was one. Newton held her opponents 6-0 until the last six minutes of play. Then an off-side penalty resulted in Haverhill's first scoring, and this in turn, took the hearts right out of the Newton players, so that Haverhill easily marched for another marker just before the final whistle.

The 1920 machine was a powerful outfit, all around. The line—Gulian and Coady, tackles; Bowen and Leahy, guards; and Smith, center—had an average weight of 170 lbs., and was effective as well on either defence or offence. Osborne and Jenkins, first-string ends, were always "there." The back-field was made up of veterans—Stafford, quarterback; Capt. "Bob" and "Herb" Garrity, halfbacks; and Leonard, fullback.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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HOCKEY PICTURE

Valentine	Stimets	Coady	Macomber	Lawrence ( <i>Mgr.</i> )
Harris	Hodder ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Drowne	Dunlop	Corcoran





*Captain, CLARK HODDER*

*Manager, LEONARD F. LAWRENCE*

THE 1921 hockey team had a very busy schedule. There were about twenty games crowded into one and one-half month's playing-weather.

The first two games were practice games, the season's starter being against Amherst who was beaten 5-2, and the Alumni who did the beating 10-0.

Out of fifteen games, including the primary series of the Suburban League, Newton won all but three. Cambridge beat us 2-1; Melrose 3-0; and the Harvard freshmen under our former Captain, Edgar Crosby, 4-2. Nearly all of our other games were "walkaways." In these twelve games, including five league games and the remainder strong neighboring teams, Newton scored a total of 92 points which contrast sharply with the total of 5 goals scored against us.

Newton, Cambridge, Melrose, and Arlington were the four teams of the Suburban League to participate in the round robin series at the Arena for league honors. With wonderful playing the Hodder-lead team surprised the Greater Boston hockey "cranks" by beating the Cambridge team 2-1 in the first of the indoor games. About a week later the "big" game of the season came in the form of Newton vs. Melrose, the latter being a team victorious in 15 games. The Arena was "packed." The cheering nearly lifted the roof. Both teams fought with all their might, but evidently the Melrose players had more reserve strength, because they won in the over-time period with the close score of 3-2. This game will probably never be forgotten by those who saw it, because both teams exhibited such fine playing. There was a thrill every second of the contest. In the last game of the indoor series Newton beat Arlington 2-1. The round robin ended in a triple tie between Newton, Melrose, and Cambridge. At a meeting of representatives from each school, the decision was made that this triple tie remain as the final result, because all agreed that the season had been extra hard for each team.

Brilliant playing, especially in the three Arena games, was shown by Captain Hodder, Coady, Dunlop, Macomber, Harris, Stimets, and Drowne.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### TRACK TEAM

Swartz	Keppner	Hurley	Ryall	Thompson	McQuiston	Ball ( <i>Mgr.</i> )
Cunningham	Stafford	McDavitt	Clausen ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Garrity	Blodgett	



*Captain,* THOMAS J. CLAUSEN

*Manager,* ARTHUR L. BALL

**A**LTHOUGH Newton did not shine very brightly in interscholastic track, the sport as a whole was a big success as far as mass-athletics is concerned.

At one time there were one hundred and twelve "hopefuls" meeting in the gymnasium for practice, and at no time were there less than fifty. All those who "went out" for the sport were enthusiastic and maintained an interest throughout the season.

Perhaps some alibis may be found for Newton's failure to twinkle. First of all, there were only three of four men back from last year's team. Then Captain Clausen was handicapped by an injury received while jumping last summer. Finally, that old excuse, always lurking around Newton teams of all sports, and containing more truth than poetry—"All the breaks went against us." A Summary of the Season's Meets:

The season opened with an excellent interclass meet. The Sophomores were victorious, scoring heavily with their juniors (size, not grade) and having a speed king in McQuiston who won the intermediate thirty yard dash and the two hundred and twenty yard run. Those capturing first places in the senior division were: R. Garrity, Doherty, Clausen, Stafford, McDavitt, and Blair and Thompson tie for first in the high-jump.

When Newton visited Medford, the host proved superior by trouncing its guest 41  $\frac{2}{3}$ -26  $\frac{1}{3}$ . But later in the season the Newton intermediates succeeded in out-distancing the Medford youngsters 38-23.

The Alumni were weakened by age and the younger generation o'er-topped their elders 31-25.

In the B. A. A. meet, Newton lost the relay race with Brookline and B. C. High.

Allen School was easily smothered with a score of 33-22.

Congratulations are justly due to the intermediate relay team, which consisted of McQuiston, W. Richards, Ryall, and Swartz. They deserve a handshake because they lowered the intermediate relay record to 1 min., 25  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs. during the State meet.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### BASEBALL PICTURE

Dickinson (*Coach*) Hayes McMillan Colburn Cunningham Dunlop Lawrence Stimets Schipper (*Mgr.*)  
Hurley Clausen Coady Garrity Harris Blodgett (*Capt.*) Stafford Cronin Osborne Leahy Leary Hodder





*Captain, FREDERICK N. BLODGETT      Manager, CARL F. SCHIPPER, JR.*

PRACTICE started early in the season with over 125 candidates as a background from which "Coach" had the task of bringing a selected few into the foreground. By the time of the first scheduled game the squad had been cut to 55, and on April 9th the rockies went to battle their first opponent, Rindge. The game was "called" in the sixth inning on account of rain, the score being 0 to 0 when old "Jules" Pluvius sent both "fans" and players to cover. Newton played fairly well in these first innings of the season. "Emmie" Murphy pitched great—13 strike-outs in 6 innings!

On April 12th Newton again motored to Russel Field, Rindge's camping ground, and about bed-time (the game was awfully long) Newton motored home once more, victor by 10 to 4. That was "some" game for hits, 16 in all. Captain "Pete" drove out a "circuit clout" and a "triple."

April 16th, when Everett paid a visit to Claffin Field, they must have thought that an octopus grabbed them when Newton squeezed them 8 to 0.

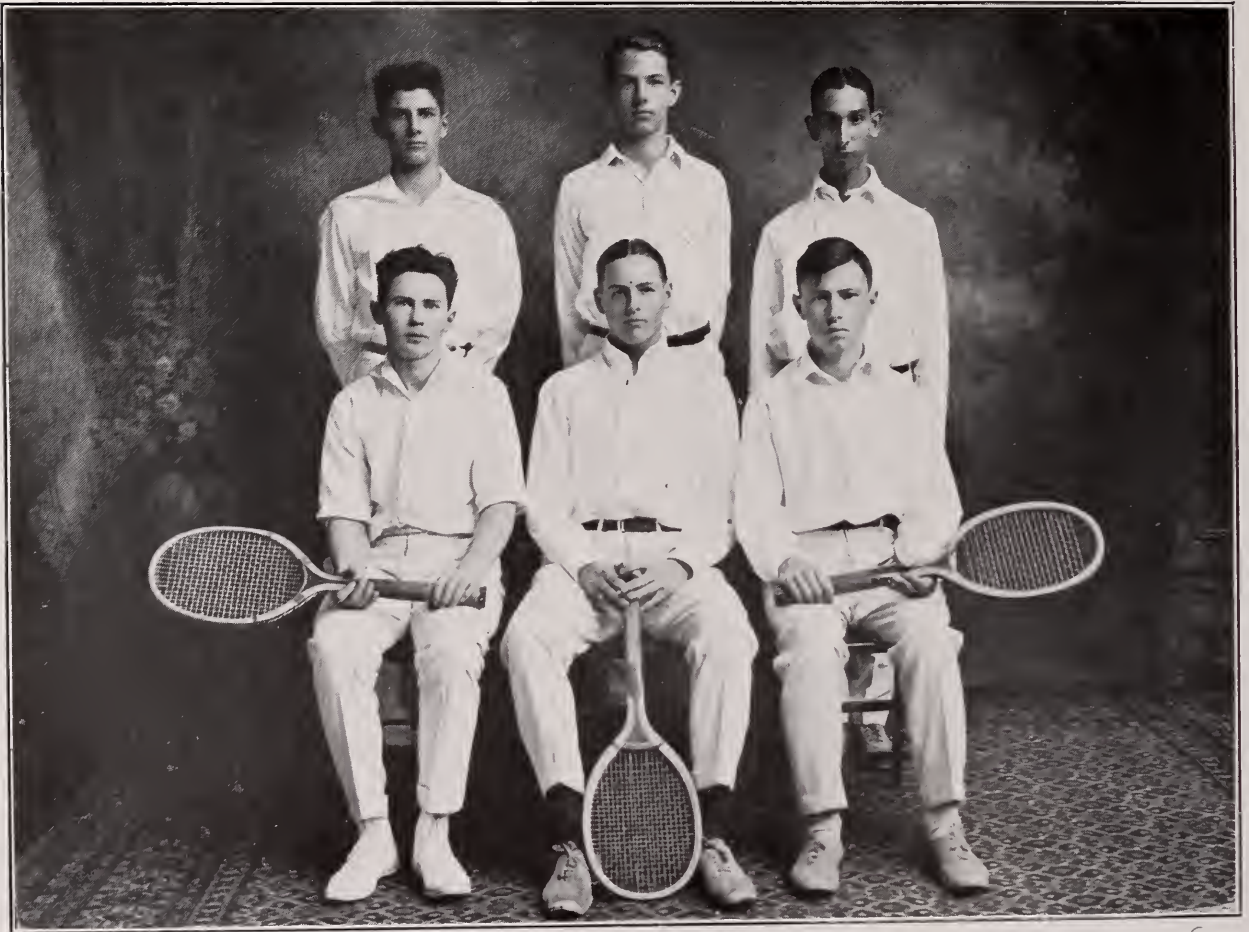
The holiday game, if it may be called a game, was a terrible shock. Cambridge, although probably at the time the best team in the League, shouldn't have walked away 16 to 2. Their own hitting plus Newton's errors helped their big counting to grow. They made 4 "home-runs," and Blodgett "busted out" one. Outside of this "bingle" of "Pete's," nothing was very big for Newton except the crowd, the number of errors, and Cambridge's score.

"Early to press and early to eyes" makes it impossible to write about any games after that with Brookline on April 21. But it is a pleasure to write about this latter struggle, because it was the first athletic event for Newton in which I have seen the horseshoe on our side, especially in a tight place. Brookline held us 3 to 0 until the fourth inning. Then from the fifth to the ninth the "chalking" was 4 to 2. But in the last of the ninth,—oh, boy! will wonders never cease? Murphy got a "two-bagger," Garrity stepped up and banged the "pill" for the same amount, bringing "Emmie" "home"; Stafford got a "peach" of a "single" scoring "Herb." Then Hodder got "on" with a fielder's choice, when "Jake" was put out on second base. Hodder then proceeded to steal on errors until he finally stepped on the "plate" for the finishing tally of 5 to 4.

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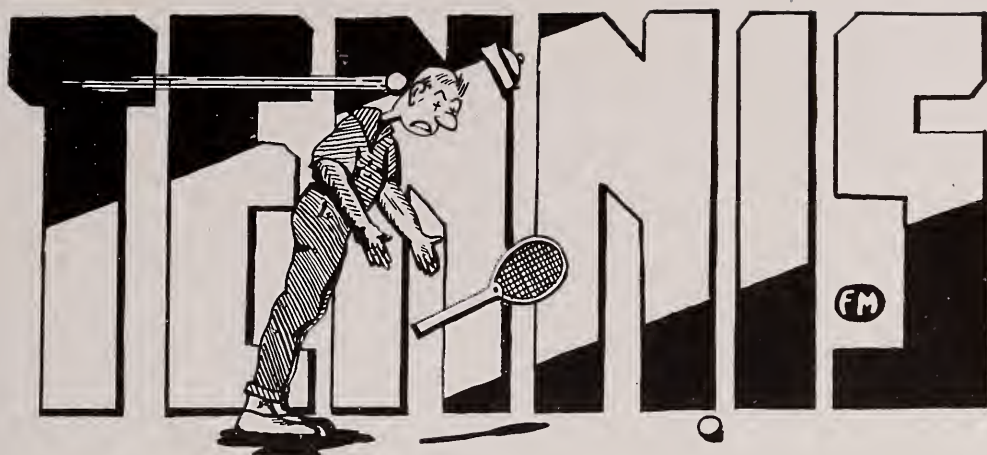
## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### TENNIS TEAM

Hartzell	Whitmore	Tedesco
Martin ( <i>Capt. and Mgr.</i> )	Hodder	Irwin



*Captain and Manager, DONALD H. MARTIN*

**T**HE tennis team, this year, will comprise the six best players who competed in the fall tournament; namely: Martin, Irwin, Tedesco, Hodder, Hartzell and Whitmore.

Although the team is not a championship organization, it has six fellows who are prepared to do their best for the honor of the school. Instead of sending only the first four men to represent Newton at the Harvard Interscholastic Tournament, any player who shows sufficient strength to merit consideration will be given a chance to demonstrate his ability.

A schedule has been drawn-up containing dates with almost all of the leading preparatory schools, and a few of the high schools in and around Massachusetts. The team expects to make a good showing with following schools:

April 29	Rivers School at Newton.
May 4	Exeter Academy at Exeter, N. H.
May 7	Worcester Academy at Worcester.
May 10	St. John's Preparatory at Danvers.
May 11	Andover at Andover.
May 19	Browne and Nichols at Cambridge.
May 24	Tufts, 24 at Newton.
May 28	North High at Newton.
May 30	Brookline at Brookline.
Harvard Interscholastics (date undertermined.)	



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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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## GOLF TEAM

Stimpson	McKeon	Stratton
Hodder ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Holmes ( <i>Mgr.</i> )	



*Captain, CLARK HODDER*

*Manager, WELLS E. HOLMES*

**F**ROM the best men in the tournament which was played last fall the following were picked for the Golf Team: Hodder, Holmes, McKeon, Stimpson, and Stratton.

Matches are being arranged with Harvard '24, Dartmouth '24, St. John's, Brookline, and Dummer Academy.

There is excellent material for a well-balanced team and the chosen five will show what they can do in the Junior State Tournament in June. In this tournament last year four members of the Newton team made a fine showing and there is no reason why their work should not be duplicated this season.



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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

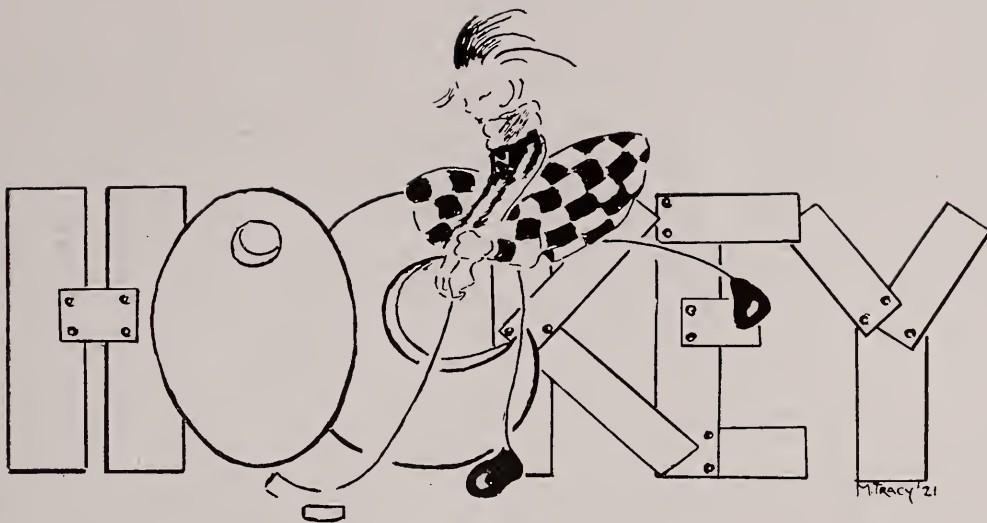
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GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Crosby	Bartlett	Brace	Duane	Schultz	Leighton
Kent	Bruner ( <i>Mgr.</i> )	Owen ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Eaton	Tucker	





*Captain, FLORENCE OWEN*

*Manager, ANNE BRUNER*

ON Wednesday, Sept. 22, a hundred and four girls reported for practice for Field Hockey. Among these, five were veterans of last year's team. After much deliberation on the part of our coach, Miss Flanders, and Captain "Flossie" Owen the following school team was chosen:

Helen Schultz, *c. f.*  
 Eleanor Leighton, *c. f.*  
 Alice Brace, *r. f.*  
 Anne Bruner, *l. w.*  
 Emily Kent, *r. w.*  
 Florence Owen, *c. h. b.*

Janet Eaton, *r. h. b.*  
 Louise Duane, *l. h. b.*  
 Helen Crosby, *l. f. b.*  
 Marjorie Tucker, *r. f. b.*  
 Madelon Bartlett, *g.*  
 Frances Varney, *sub.*

Our first game Nov. 6, was with the Winsor School. This resulted in a 6-3 defeat for Newton.

On Nov. 8 the Seniors defeated the Juniors, and on the same date the Freshmen won from the Sophomores 2-1. Later the Seniors beat the Freshmen 11-0.

The Newton team on Nov. 10, visited Lexington when a game 3-3 was played. Two days later Newton played at Milton Academy and won its first victory 3-0. The fourth game, with the Alumni could not be played because of the bad weather.

Although we can claim only one real victory we can boast of some exceptionally good playing. M. Bartlett was certainly "Johnny on the Spot" when it came to stopping the balls that were hurled at her. As for our Captain, words are useless, she was above comparison. A. Bruner and H. Schultz certainly knew how to handle their sticks. Indeed, each girl had her special qualifications. Only three girls are left over for next year's school team so here's a chance for the undergraduates to make their N's. May they have the best of luck.

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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

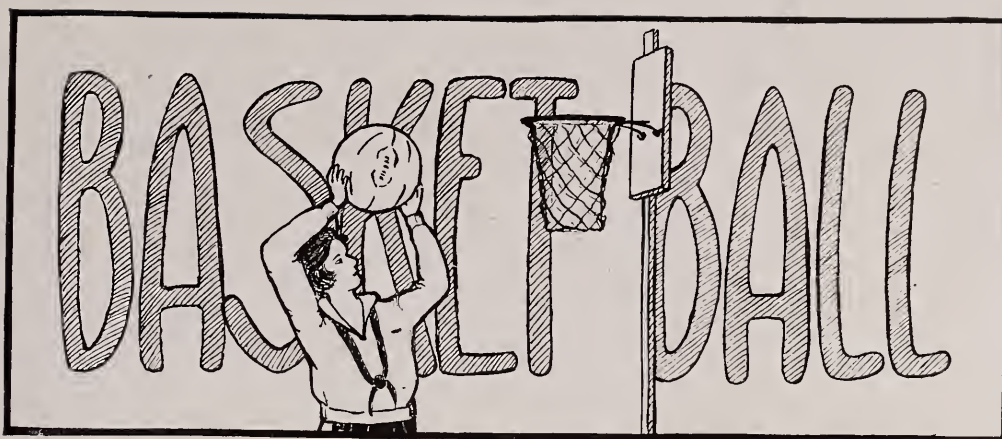
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GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Lane ( <i>Mgr.</i> )	M. Eaton	Frost	Ziegler	Schultz
Morford	J. Eaton	Juthe ( <i>Capt.</i> )	Cooke	Curley





*Captain, MARION E. JUTHE*

*Manager, BEATRICE LANE*

**A**N unusual number of candidates responded to the call for basketball this year. From this number a very competent varsity team was chosen:

Edith Frost, <i>f.</i>	Claire Curley, <i>c.</i>	Marion Eaton, <i>g.</i>
Barbara Cooke, <i>f. f</i>	Janet Eaton, <i>c.</i>	Frances Cooke, <i>f.</i>
Florence Morford, .	Marion Juthe, <i>g.</i>	
Barbara Biegler, <i>c.</i>	Helen Schultz, <i>g.</i>	

Frances Cooke, originally chosen for the varsity team, left school before the games were played. We have had this year, as in the two preceding years, two sets of class games. In both of those, the Seniors were victorious.

Even though Lasell defeated Newton by a score of 22-21, we feel that it was, perhaps, the best game of the season. As Lasell has defeated Newton in the past several years, it shows great improvement in our playing. Both teams were quick in passing and alert throughout this game.

As for the Watertown game "the least said, the better". They defeated us by a score practically the reverse of last year's—48-19. But it may be added that our girls were at considerable disadvantage. The Watertown gymnasium was so much different from ours that it caused no little confusion among our players. Fine spirit was shown on both sides throughout the game. The Watertown players treated us to lemonade and cookies.

The Winsor game, next on our list, was another defeat—this time by a score of 37-29. Newton was once more at a disadvantage, in as much as the Winsor gymnasium was just one-half the size of ours. However, a pleasant feeling reigned over all and Winsor served us cocoa and wafers after the game.

The Wellesley game was an effective climax to our schedule of outside games. Although the opposing team showed good team work and quick passing, Newton came through with "Flying Colors" and a score of 26-21.

The Alumni game was played on Saturday, March 26. Both teams displayed great skill in handling the ball. As many of the Alumni were on College teams they kept Newton busy. But nevertheless she saw the end with a score of 37-27. Thus our year ended more successfully than it began.



Bob Lunsford

Reilly Thompson

Pat Hatch,

Autographs *Babe Simpson*

Alan F. Dunlop

Mat Carter

'Mac', Noyes.

Home S. T. Otter

Henry Cross

George Barker

Ed Perry

Grace Bradley.

Walter Dancer.

Gigger. "Carley" Adam Wallace

Andrew Wyman

midge Tucker

Lora M. Sibley.

"Shad" Osborne.

allah Korgoy.

Reg. Capon

Bruce Cook

Sibby Newton

Wynor. Pullman

# ORGANIZATIONS

Shirley Switzer  
Wendie Carr

Peggy French

Malcolm Sisson



Alice Lee Rateriff

Betty Cole  
Dudley Rodden  
Gwilleth Humphrey

Chas. B. Pegg  
D.B. Hoffman  
Russell Barber  
Bill Helms

Ethel Saunders

Yvonne Andres  
+ name as banded

Donald S. Bullock

Lawrence Propoy

Lois Bjornson!

Louise Korgoy

Helen Brasley.

R.F. Bischoff.

W. C. Amyman

Averyoff everybody  
Ullarion Summers

Gertrude E. Myles.

George Korgoy.



*S. Herbert Jones*  
*Donald Martin*  
*Albert Bailey*  
*Mary Reynolds*  
*Betty Brown*  
*Newton High School*  
*Trinkie Trinkham*  
*Watt Daines*  
*Clem*



BOYS' DEBATING TEAM

Loughrey	Stafford	Mr. Lane (Coach)	Whitmore	Richards
Spencer	McDavitt	Brown	Codman	

*Kathy Collier*  
*D. M. Osborne*  
*Alice Hennessey*

*James Smith*  
*Henry Whitman*  
*Russell Clark*  
*Carl C. Anderson*  
*William G. Waring*



## Boys' Debating Club

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HUGHES H. WAGNER, *President*

ALFRED H. STAFFORD, *Vice-President*

GEORGE L. GRAHAM, *Secretary*

DONALD H. MARTIN, *Treasurer*

MR. PERLEY W. LANE, *Faculty Advisor*

THREE cheers and a tiger for the most successful year the Boys' Debating Club has ever had. Mr. Lane has furnished the stimulus and a large number of conscientious workers have rallied to his call. Each meeting has offered a program so interesting and novel that there was no lack of appreciative auditors for the speakers. A system of prize giving was established this year and some of the boys found very good uses for their awards.

The Club had the pleasure of presenting, to the students, one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year. The M. I. T. Glee Club gave an exceedingly fine entertainment of singing and playing; after this, a dance which was just as fine as the concert, was held in the Gym. The proceeds placed the Debating Club on a firm financial standing, something which has never before been accomplished. It was also the privilege of the Club to help finance a prize speaking contest in the Hall, where four fortunate boys and a like number of girls received a worth while recompense for their work.

Instead of having a triangular league, this year, the team will engage in a dual debate with Brookline, our old rivals. The school which obtains the largest number of votes receives a cup, furnished by the two schools. On March 20 thirty-five boys had announced their intentions of competing in trials. Mr. Lane passed judgment on the work of each fellow, the following being selected for the team:—Robert Brown, Edwin Codman, Edwin Loughrey, Clarence McDavitt, Burr Richards, Robert Spencer, Alfred Stafford, and Henry Whitmore. The Debate will take place April 29, with our Affirmative debaters at Brookline and with our Negative debaters at Home. The question for debate is: "Resolved, That the United States should continue its present naval building program." The team will do its part this year but next year is up to you.

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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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GIRLS' DEBATING TEAM

Edmands	Simpson	Mr. Lane ( <i>Coach</i> )	Morford	Chapman
	Thompson	Cummings	Macleod	Aurelio

## Girls' Debating Club

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CATHERINE E. CHIPMAN, *President*

EDITH FROST, *Vice-President*

MARION S. THOMPSON, *Secretary*

MISS FLORA M. SMITH, *Faculty Advisor*

LAST November the Girl's Debating Club began its most successful year. The membership more than doubled that of last year probably due to the fact that the meetings were held during the first half-hour on Monday instead of after school. At each meeting an interesting subject was debated by the members in preparation for the Triangular League Debate.

Just after Christmas, trials were held for the public debate. The following team was chosen by Mr. Lane, the coach: Florence Morford, Barbara Simpson, Caroline Cummings, Mary Edmands, Louise Macleod, Priscilla Aurelio, Sylvia Chapman, and Marion Thompson. These girls, and Mr. Lane, spent much time in preparation of the arguments. The question was: "Resolved, that Congress should enact a law giving to World War veterans of six months' actual service a bonus of \$500 or its equivalent."

The big debate was held on Friday, March 11th. For the first time since the Triangular League was formed, Newton won both at home and at Somerville. As last year, N's were awarded to the six girls who spoke. The shield, which eventually will be given to the school winning both debates for three years, will be held during the coming year by Newton High School. Girls of the lower classes, come out and win for the next two years and thus enable our school to secure this coveted trophy as a permanent possession.



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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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REVIEW STAFF

B. Noble	Hartzell	Additon	McGill	Varney	D. Noble	Booth	Graham	Burnham
Aurelio	Stafford	Bartlett	Osborne	Capon	Carter	Rich	Knapp	

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THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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## The Review Staff

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*Editor-in-Chief*

REGINALD L. CAPON

*Business Manager*

SHATTUCK W. OSBORNE

*Assistant Editors*

ELIZABETH A. BURNHAM	BESSIE C. NOBLE
KATHARINE B. KNAPP	KARL D. HARTZELL

*Assistant Managers*

ROBERT T. PERSON	HOWARD L. RICH
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*Among our Graduates*

MARTHA CARTER

*Around the Hall*

FRANCES E. VARNEY	ADELAIDE D. HAWES
-------------------	-------------------

*Exchanges*

FAITH K. ADDITON	PRISCILLA D. AURELIO
------------------	----------------------

*Athletics*

ALFRED H. STAFFORD

*Girls' Athletics*

HELEN BOOTH

*Side Splitters*

GEORGE L. GRAHAM	N. DWIGHT NOBLE
------------------	-----------------

*Art*

MADOLON A. BARTLETT	FREDERICK T. MCGILL, JR.
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*Faculty Advisor*

MISS FLORA M. SMITH

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### The Review

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NO one can ever accuse the "Review" staff of 1920-21 of being inactive. The invaluable services of Miss Smith, the faculty advisor, and the efforts of the whole staff, from Reginald Capon, the Editor-in-chief down, have been combined this year and have produced the most successful editions of "Review" for many years.

From the publication of the first number to the present day, the students have been justly proud of their school magazine. To those who have been here in recent years, the fact that the "Review" appears in the designated month seems amazing, but that it is received during the first ten days, is positively overwhelming.

On October 20, the school assembles to hear the pleas and entreaties of Capon and Osborne, the business manager. Hearty response was given, and the promise of Mr. Lane and Mr. Underwood that this year's magazine would be an improvement over other years, has been kept to the very letter. That a good judgment of the "Review" is held by outsiders as well as Newton High students is shown by the following opinions, received during the year:

"Your literary department is complete in every way, and your athletics are written so well that they are interesting even to a stranger. You have an extraordinary exchange list."

"The 'Review' is a good all-round paper. The editorials, short stories and cartoons certainly show that the members of the staff are very active."

If next year's staff is as well supported by the school as this year's has been, it cannot help but make rapid progress. Here's to next years staff!



## The Student Council

---

THE end of the school term of 1920-21 marks the close of the sixth year of the Student Council. This body is a decided asset to the school although the meetings are not as numerous as they might be.

At the first meeting on Wednesday, December 8, the following officers were elected:

BOYS		GIRLS
CLARK HODDER	<i>President</i>	MARTHA CARTER
SHATTUCK OSBORNE	<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN BOOTH
ALFRED STAFFORD	<i>Secretary</i>	KATHARINE BINGHAM

The second meeting took place on March 21, the chief topic being the formation of certain committees. Lunch-room, grounds and school spirit committees were decided upon. Miss McGill and Mr. Richmond, the advisors for the girls and boys, respectively, spoke upon the influence which the Student Council might render in case of emergency.

On March 23, the councils met separately to announce the members of the committees. At that time a representative from the boys asked the girls to use their influence in order that the former might attend the basketball games in the gym.

A promise was given and next fall will see the outcome of the case.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### STUDENT COUNCIL

Brown	Clark	Jenkins	Schipper	Coady	Jones	Sheldon	Parker	McDavitt	Young	Leonard
Salinger	Eaton	Stafford	Osborne	Hodder	Carter	Booth	Bingham	Bova	Owen	
Tucker	Whitmore	Cummings	Taylor	Hatch	Loughrey	Rich	Bruner			

## Student Council

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### SENIORS

#### GIRLS

Martha Carter  
Helen Crampton  
Janet Eaton  
Constance Parker  
Helen Booth  
Ruth Crary  
Catharine Jones  
Florence Owen  
Anne Bruner

#### BOYS

Clark Hodder  
Clement Coady  
Shattuck Osborne  
Arthur Smith  
Frederick Blodgett  
Roger Cummings  
Grarse Gulian  
Raymond Leonard

### SUB-SENIORS

Frances Hatch  
Marjorie Tucker  
Miriam White  
Geraldine Brock

Alfred Stafford  
Carl Schipper  
Gordon Jenkins  
William Taylor  
Clarence McDavitt

### JUNIORS

Katharine Bingham  
Edith Frost  
Elizabeth Jack  
Elizabeth Young  
Barbara Ziegler

Edwin Loughrey  
Oliver Loring  
Leo Bova  
Robert Salinger  
Daniel Bianchi  
Howard Rich

### SOPHOMORES

Margaret Williams  
Helen Clark  
Mary Lichliter

Howard Whitmore  
Philip Sullivan  
Phillips Hoyt

### FRESHMEN

Ruth Pigeon

Robert Brown



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### The English Club

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*President, HELEN BOOTH*

*Vice-President, MIRIAM WHITE*

*Secretary and Treasurer, ROGER CUMMINGS*

THIS year the English Club boasts of the largest membership list recorded in the secretary's book. The first meeting took place on October 1, in Room 14. A program committee, selected by the president consisted of: Frances Varney, Elizabeth Burnham and Donald Reynolds.

The year's activities began on October 8, with an instructive trip to Lexington. The Club toured the Monroe Tavern and the Hancock Clark House under the guidance of Miss Bachelor. There were almost one hundred students present and all agreed that it was an afternoon most enjoyably and profitably spent. Much credit is due to Miss Bachelor because of her interest in the Club and her knowledge of the historical events which took place in Lexington, and of the many relics displayed at both houses.

The November meeting was held in the library, with an interesting program by Elizabeth Burnham, in behalf of "Better English" week.

On December 23, the school enjoyed a play entitled "Plutocrats and Pilgrims." It was attended by the three upper classes and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We must congratulate the cast on their efforts and the splendid results.

In January, Mr. Lane spoke on his "Outstanding Impressions of France." The members considered themselves most fortunate in being able to attend. In February the Club enjoyed an afternoon at the Copley Theatre; three scenes of "Hamlet" were remarkably well presented by the Copley players.

The English Club of 1920-1921, having passed a successful year, wishes all possible success to the Club of 1922!

## Members of the English Club

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### Girls

Faith Additon	Eleanor Daboll	Mildred Macleod
Marion Allen	Elizabeth Donovan	Frances McCullough
Elisabeth Arnold	Janet Eaton	Florence Owen
Priscilla Aurelio	Doris Felton	Constance Parker
Frances Ayres	Dorothy Fernald	Evelyn Perry
Ruth Ayres	Ethel Goodwin	Katherine Rand
Elsa Badger	Elizabeth Gordon	Mary Richards
Barbara Bixby	Marjorie Graves	Ruth Robbins
Lois Bjornson	Dorothy Griffin	Helen Schultz
Helen Booth	Helen Hamilton	Marjorie Scott
Elizabeth Burnham	Adelaide Hawes	Beatrice Smyth
Joan Burnham	Elizabeth Henry	Mabel Swett
Barbara Butler	Muriel Howland	Marion Symonds
Carolyn Butts	Catharine Jones	Marion Thompson
Martha Carter	Ethel Jones	Gwendolyn Underhill
Sylvia Chapman	Ruth Kelley	Ruth Van Dyne
Gertrude Clark	Barbara Kendall	Frances Varney
Alice Clement	Emily Kent	Dorothy Viets
Elizabeth Cole	Eleanor Leighton	Constance Vose
Ruth Crary	Hester Leitner	Miriam White
Helen Crosby	Constance Lynde	Helen Woods
Caroline Cummings	Louise Macleod	

### Boys

Ellis Appleton	Robert Darrell	Donald Leonard
Edward Booth	Edward Desmond	Luis Lichauco
Charles Brown	Philip Gilfix	Frederick McGill
Richardson Brown	George Graham	William North
Reginald Capon	Donald Harding	John Norton
John Christie	Karl Hartzell	Avery Peabody
Roderick Clifford	Edwin Hill	Donald Reynolds
Ivan Collett	Clark Hodder	Howard Rich
Roger Cummings	Earle Johnson	Hughes Wagner

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### The Orchestra

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EARLY in the school year, the Office made an investigation as to how many musicians the school possessed. There were over one hundred and forty pupils who signed slips saying that they could attempt to play some instrument. But when the call came for these talented ones to form an orchestra, only twenty reported for duty. And now the number has dwindled to fourteen. That's the kind of school spirit we have when there's no great reward attached to the task!

This year, at the girls' debate, the orchestra played a few selections and showed that its members had been working hard. The orchestra may play at a concert which is being planned to contain a program of the combined musical clubs.

#### DIRECTOR

HORACE M. WALTON

#### VIOLINS

ALBERT H. LYTHGOE

JENNETTE MARTIN

JACOB CASHMAN

MADELINE E. MONROE

FREDERICK R. CHASE

MABEL E. WILLIAMSON

WILLIAM L. NORTH

SYDNEY R. USSHER

#### PIANO

DOROTHY G. McCAUL

#### CORNET

ROY H. ENGSTROM

#### CLARINET

RALPH S. HANDY

#### SAXAPHONES

WALTER T. TOWER

HOMER S. TILTON

#### TROMBONE

ALEXANDER O. HAFF



## The Mandolin Club

---

A NEW club, formed at the beginning of the year, is the Mandolin Club. Great enthusiasm was expressed by all students who could even hold a mandolin, banjo or a "uke," and the Club boasted of nearly sixty members. As the year wore on, however, many found it necessary to drop out, leaving only fifteen active members.

Anyone wandering about the corridors on a Wednesday, after school, would hear the cheerful and harmonious notes of songs, ranging from the jazziest jazz to the most classic classical.

That Mr. Mergendahl's efforts have indeed not been in vain is shown by the splendid results of the Clubs playing. The one guitar, several banjo-mandolins, and ukeleles have produced music of such a quality that even a college Club might well be proud.

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## Glee Clubs

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THE Girls' Glee Club, with renewed strength in numbers, and considerable lung power, began this year under the careful direction of Mr. Walton.

Every Friday, in the lunch A period, over one hundred girls met in the assembly hall. Of the several songs, chosen by Mr. Walton, "Thy Sun Shall No More Go Down" was perfected so that it was sung on the night of the Girls' debate. On the whole, the work of the Glee Club has been most admirable and enjoyable.

The Boys' Glee Club was organized for the first time in several years. With Mr. Walton as supervisor it was inevitable that the Club be a success. This has been proven by the fine music produced by the masculine voices.

We wish both Clubs the same success for next year.

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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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"RUBBER KEY" PICTURE

Fleming	Peabody,	Tower, ( Mgr.)	Foss ( Mgr)	Stevens, ( Mgr.)	McGill	
		Aurelio	Hull			
Osborne	Chapman	Wyman	Morford	Blodgett	Macleod	Leighton

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# THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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## CAST OF "THE RUBBER KEY"

MRS. PARKER . . . . . Mildred Macleod  
A Merry Widow

MISS EMMONS . . . . . Florence Morford  
A Spinster

MR. I. NOAH LOTT . . . . . David Hull  
Editor of the "North American Critic"

MRS. EMILY BEACH . . . . . Sylvia Chapman  
A Boarding-house Mistress

MR. J. HAMILTON JEWETT . . . . . Andrews Wyman  
President of the "International Rubber Company"

MR. STANLEY BEACH . . . . . Shattuck Osborne  
A Young Chemist

MR. HENRY WARBURTON . . . . . Donald Fleming

MR. R. B. ALLINGHAM . . . . . Frederick Blodgett

MR. HUBERT WARREN . . . . . Frederick McGill

MR. CLINTON COURTNEY . . . . . Avery Peabody

Other Directors

MISS ESTELLE JEWETT . . . . . Eleanor Leighton



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### “The Rubber Key”

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THE 1921 Senior Play, written by Priscilla Aurelio, and coached by Mrs. Mills is proving to be the success of the season. All those who can catch a glimpse of its rehearsals admit that it is as perfect as skillful coaching and clever acting could make it.

Mildred Macleod, as Mrs. Parker, a coquettish widow, is superb. Did anyone ever know that Florence Morford, alias Miss Lucretia Emmons, could take no interest in the pleasures of life, but instead, devote all her time to the vital topics of the hour? Shattuck Osborne and Eleanor Leighton, as hero and heroine, play their parts perfectly. We see a successful future cut out for Andrews Wyman, Frederick McGill and Donald Fleming. We hope that they will always be as good business men as they appear in the play.

Sylvia Chapman is an ideal aunt. What is more she seems to have a great deal of tact, especially in the last scene.

No one can deny that the play is well acted and shows the conscientious work of the coach, Mrs. Mills, and of all the characters.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### “Make Yourself at Home”

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THIS play, written by Ruth Ayres '20, is a little sketch of life in Greenwich Village, portrayed by five young artists, an old maiden aunt from Indiana, a young girl artist, a boy scout and K-K-Katy, the maid. The play hinges about the discovery of a note, “Make Yourself at Home,” which several people find, all interpreting it differently. This leads to many complications which are finally untangled when it is found that Katy left the note for her lover. The play ends happily with a very realistic love scene between Andy and Mary.

The attractive tambourine dance by Marion Juthe, alias “Babs,” as well as the singing by the artists, and the solo by Jim adds to the pep of the play. Many thanks are due to Miss Richardson for her faithful coaching.

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# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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"MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME" PICTURE

Wagner	Christie	Parker	Foss (Mgr.)	Stevens (Mgr.)	Peabody	Towne (Mgr.)
Phillips	Tilton	Hopkins	Blodgett	Juthe	Hodder	Burnham



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# THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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## CAST OF "MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME"

MARY STANDBERT . . . . .	Josephine Hopkins
A Young Artist	
JACK . . . . .	Hughes Wagner
WALLIE . . . . .	Homer Tilton
JIM . . . . .	Clark Hodder
BOB . . . . .	John Christie
Four Young Artists	
BARBARA (BABS) . . . . .	Marion Juthe
A Young Dancer	
TEDDY . . . . .	Dana Phillips
A Lively Boy-scout	
MISS ZURUA YOUNG . . . . .	Elizabeth Burnham
Mary's Elderly Aunt	
ANDREW (ANDY) . . . . .	Frederick Blodgett
Friend of Mary	
TOM . . . . .	Avery Peabody
An Artist	
KATY . . . . .	Constance Parker
A Maid	



A MARKED advance may be noted this year not only in written composition, but also in the manner with which the school entered the field of public speaking. The first of these contests was held in observance of "Better English Week." The eight speakers were chosen from the winners of an elimination contest. Florence Morford and Roger Cummings took away honors for the Seniors by winning the two first prizes. The second prizes went to Miss Beatrice Smyth and Robert Brown.

To further the interest of the school along these lines, the Boys' and Girls' Debating Clubs gave the sum of sixty dollars as prizes in a similar contest. The subjects for this second contest were varied and very ably delivered. The prizes for the girls were awarded in their respective order to: Miss Mary Edmands, Miss Mary Reynolds, Miss Caroline Cummings, and Miss Mabel Williamson; those for the boys to: Theodore Grant, Alfred Stafford, Robert Olmstead, and Richard Dudley.

Then came the summons to written composition. The Edison Company of Boston opened a competition to the members of this school for the best essays on "The Uses of Electricity." From the very large number of essays submitted, the experts of the company decided that the ablest electricians from among the Seniors were: Miss Sylvia Chapman and David Hull; Juniors: Miss Frances Ayres and Herbert Jones; Sophomores: Miss Katherine McAskill and Dexter Dimock; Freshmen: Miss Anna Horton and Duncan Howlett.

From electricity our attention was drawn to the subject of the Tercentenary. The Women's Club of Newton offered two prizes for the best essays, written about the "Pilgrims." Several weeks were taken in preparing these manuscripts and it may be said several months were required to select the two best from the large number submitted. It was finally made known that our best authorities on this subject were: Miss Hazel Bell and Miss Mary Clark.

This closed our work in English competition. In recording these attainments we take just pride in the standard that has been set up this year. We sincerely hope that these will be maintained and excelled by the succeeding classes.

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THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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THE NEWTON CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL



# NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



## HONOR ROLL

IN MEMORY OF  
THE BOYS OF THE NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE WORLD WAR  
THAT JUSTICE, FREEDOM,  
AND RIGHTEOUSNESS MIGHT BE EXALTED  
AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH.



CLARK ALYDOR, '17  
ALBERT EDGAR ANGER, '14  
ARTHUR KINDRED ATKINS, '13  
MORRIS HALL BAILEY, '15  
RICHARD ASHLEY BLODGETT, '14  
STAFFORD LEIGHTON BROWN, '15  
WILLIAM HOPKINS CHANDLER, '11  
ELLIOT ADAMS CHAPIN, '13  
HOWARD ROGERS CLAPP, '11  
HENRY WARE CLARKE, '12  
DONALD WOODWORTH CURRY, '17  
EUGENE JOSEPH DALEY, JR., '16  
WARREN KAISER DALEY, '13  
PHILIP WASHBURN DAVIS, '04  
FREDERIC DREW DAY, '11  
VICTOR LEON DENNIS, '09  
PAUL JAMES FARNUM, '17  
ROBERT LEWIS FORBUSH, '09  
HAROLD WINSTON GALESON, '15  
RALPH GILES, '16

PRESCOTT WILDER GOULD, '15  
WILLIAM FRANKLIN HERRICK, '07  
STEPHEN TULLOCK HOPKINS, '10  
GEORGE STEWART HUGGARD, '16  
NORMAN WILLIAM HYSLOP, '10  
LEONARD JACKSON, '15  
WALLACE MINOT LEONARD, JR., '12  
MALCOLM BROWN MARSH, '19  
CLIFFORD KENNETH MEEKINS, '18  
WALTER LINWOOD MERRILL, '07  
THOMAS CUSHMAN NATHAN, '15  
ELLERY PEABODY, JR., '15  
DAVID ENDICOTT PUTNAM, '16  
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON RAMSAY, '03  
WESLEY EVERETT RICH, '07  
EDWIN FIELD SAMPSON, '01  
ELLSWORTH OLIVIER STRONG, '12  
WILLIAM WRIGHT WALCOTT, '07  
RALPH O'NEAL WEST, '14  
KENNETH WALTER WILSON, '03

PRESENTED BY THE

CLASS OF MCMXIX

## Memorial Tablet

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THE tablet in memory of the boys of the Newton High School who lost their lives in the World War is the gift of the Class of 1919. The presentation of the gift was made at their graduation in June 1919. The funds for the gift were raised by the members of the class during their senior year. The memorial was designed by the sculptor, Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin, and cast by the Gorham Company of Providence, Rhode Island.

The tablet was dedicated on Sunday, February 13, 1921. The special guests of the occasion were the Class of 1919, the parents of the boys, a delegation from the Grand Army of the Republic, and a delegation from the American Legion.

The dedicatory exercises were brief, but impressive. After a salute to the flag by the senior class and a prayer by Rev. Laurens MacLure, D. D., Mr. E. C. Adams, the Headmaster of the school, spoke briefly of the part that the Newton High School boys had taken in the World War. Then the Honorable Edwin O. Childs, Mayor of Newton, spoke for the city, and Captain Sinclair Weeks for the American Legion. The dedicatory address was given by Dr. MacLure who spoke eloquently of the part played by the young men in the Great War, and graphically described his feelings on the morning of the Armistice, November 11, 1918. Dr. MacLure's address was followed by an original poem by Mr. Charles Swain Thomas, a former master in the High School.

After the singing of America, the exercises were closed with the benediction, pronounced by Dr. MacLure.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### Memorial Poem

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CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS

Each separate name here carved in lettered bronze  
Its silent story tells in colors clear  
To those whose inner eyes in fancy see  
The records wrought in high sincerity.  
—But on the tablet chiseled stark and bare.

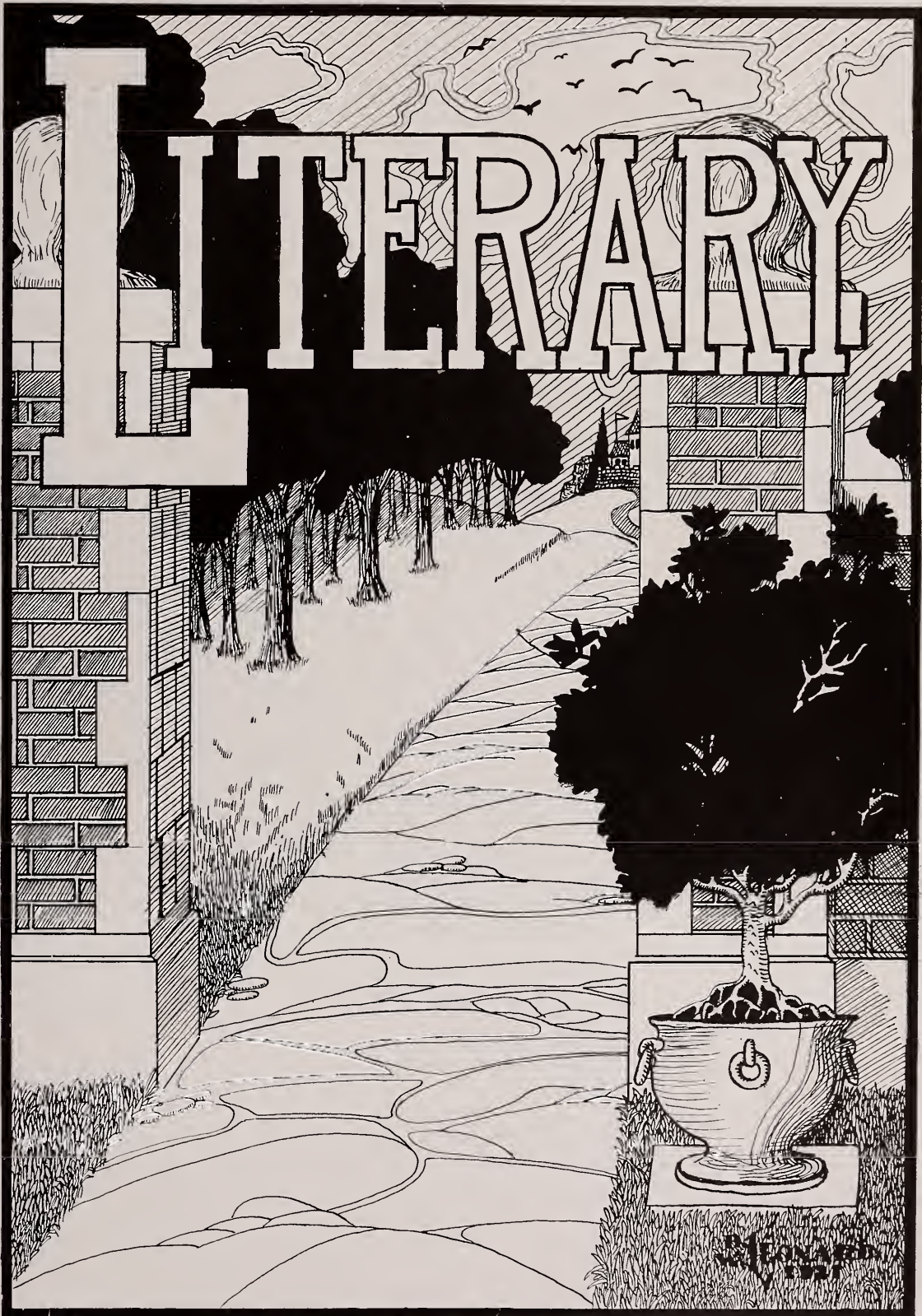
We knew them in their years of careless youth,  
Before the thunders of a world at war  
Had stirred their hearts,—yet cold to freedom's call;  
And then we caught the overtone from each and all,  
—But here deep muffled in the sculptured score.

Now round these names affection lays its wreath,  
And writes the record of each high emprise.  
Our fancy adds the rubric to the story  
And follows all through camp and field and foray  
To the last grim battle where Death won the prize.

But let not Death long keep this prize unchallenged;  
For souls arouse as we recite their daring.  
This tablet cold grows warm in the light of love unspoken,  
These sons and brothers live again in the glow of memory's token;  
We greet them all today, their hallowed glory sharing.

And their return is not alone to us who bowed in sorrow  
As we read aghast each message sad and grave.  
Day after day these names in silent bronze enwrought  
Will re-awake; will teach to future groups untaught  
That these dead comrades live—still animate the cause they died to save





## The Midnight Sea

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By ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

Give me the surging midnight sea  
And the salt spray on my face,  
With a spectral coast upon the lee,  
Where the homing breakers race!  
Give me the roar of a hungry reef  
And the dark rocks' steely ring,  
The whistling woe of the night wind's grief  
And the black spars' rhythmic swing!

Give me the long, long beat off-shore,  
The tack in the face of the wind,  
The swelling clamour and baffled roar,  
Of the angry surf behind!  
Give me the crash of the monstrous waves  
That surge to the stars on high,  
Then swoop down, down to the watery graves  
Where the under-currents sigh!

Give me the night waves, black and long,  
And silence upon the deep,  
With the ocean's mutter the only song  
For the waves that never sleep!  
Give me the flutter of flying spume,  
And the bursting bubbles' fleck  
That stings like a lash through the shambling gloom,  
And the swing of a reeling deck!

Give me the chill of the ocean night  
And the ocean's pulse and sweep,  
The hulking combers eternal fight,  
And the breadth of the sombre deep!  
Give me the dance of the white-caps' glee  
Where the homing breakers race,  
Oh, give me the surging midnight sea,  
And the salt spray on my face!



## The Tramp With a Camera

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(Illustrated with photographs taken by the Tramp)

IT was a beautiful morning in August, cool and invigorating, as New England summer mornings always are. The rising sun sent its rays flashing over the top of one of the Berkshire Hills and across an irregular field of brown stubble. Nestled as it was in the heart of the hills, this little field was not only bathed in the low-lying mist now slowly settling in the form of dew, but seemed also to be clothed in a cloak of silence. Only the occasional twitter of a bird disturbed the stillness. It was a perfect morning.

There loomed near the center of the field, a newly built hay-stack, carefully shaped and rounded by a thrifty farmer whose barns were already filled to the utmost. As the light became stronger, it glinted on the shining steel path of a railroad, which followed the base of a neighboring hill, on the farther side of the field and lost itself in the black mouth of a tunnel. A line of telegraph poles followed the rails as far as the tunnel where it left them and disappeared up the slope above. The mouth of this tunnel, through which there rushed daily more than a dozen thundering trains loaded with people and merchandise, was like an unhealed



"THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH THERE RUSHED DAILY MORE THAN A DOZEN THUNDERING TRAINS. . . ."

scar in the primeval hill. Then the early morning silence was broken by a subdued humming that came along the rails. It augmented until, far away in the distance, behind the hill, there rang out the echoing blast of a locomotive whistle. The hum became a roar as around the curve there appeared the long, black shape of a flying train. The engine was enveloped in its own smoke and the rattle of the passing train made a hideous din where all had been silence. Then, suddenly, the noise ceased as the train dived into the tunnel.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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When the noise was at its greatest, there was a stir at one side of the haystack. The shabby foot of a man came from beneath the pile. This was followed by the man himself—a ragged, dirty tramp. And yet, was it a tramp? A second glance would have given grounds for doubt, for, in his hand he held a large camera. On the other hand, he was lanky, clothed like a tramp and unshaven. Here was a typical vagrant, an outcast from human society, looking the part and acting the part but with a modern high-priced camera in his hand. The presence of this instrument seemed strikingly incongruous.

After a long, luxuriant stretch, the tramp stumbled over the uneven field to the railroad embankment and started along the rails away from the tunnel. On and on he walked with a long un-tramp-like stride. Beyond the first hill, a large valley opened below him, studded with groups of trees and prosperous farm-houses. The rails led him along the side of another green-clad hill until, rounding a turn, the tramp arrived at a crossing. Here he hesitated a moment and then set out down the dusty road to the left. The road followed the rails for a short distance and then swung sharply away, descending to the level of the valley.

The sun had, by this time, climbed high in the sky and the dawn had long since become daylight. It was not until an hour later, however, that the tramp saw the first sign of human habitation. He was walking slowly along under the pleasing shade of the trees which arched over the narrow road, with the photographic outfit slung over his shoulder, when, through the trees, he discerned an attractive farm-house of comfortable proportions. It was nestled among the trees with the cool shade surrounding it. In the grove before it there hung a hammock—a sign of comfort.



"THE ROAD FOLLOWED THE RAILS FOR A SHORT DISTANCE."

The moment the tramp glimpsed the house his manner changed. Hastening to the side of the road, he quickly buried the camera and equipment in the leaves at the foot of a tree. When he straightened, it was to continue on his way a different man. The long stride had given

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place to a slovenly slouch, and the level gaze taking in the beauties of Nature, had now become a shifting glance, traveling, for the most part along the dusty road before him.

Up through the trees to the back door of the house slouched the man. There he tapped gently on a screen door leading to a pleasantly odorous kitchen. Within, he saw a stout woman doing her morning's baking, as a row of pies on the window sill and a pan of doughnuts, proclaimed. She turned as the tramp touched the screen.

"Say, mum," began the tramp in a guttural voice. "How about somethin' to eat, this mornin'?"

The woman stepped hastily towards the door, wiping her hands on her apron as she advanced. When she arrived at the door, she reached forward. The tramp heard a click and knew that she had hooked the screen door on the inside. Then, without a word to the tramp, she faced about and crossed the kitchen to a door through which she disappeared. A moment later there came a sharp bark of a dog from the farther side of the house, followed by a ferocious growl and the sound of running feet. Without hesitation the tramp turned and beat a hasty retreat to the roadway where he shuffled on his way through the dust.

In a short time the tramp came to a village, down the main street of which he made his way until he arrived at a small country store. Here he seated himself on the steps and slowly gazed around. There seemed to be no one stirring in the yards. The sounds of industry, however, floated from the open doors and windows and the tinkle of a hammer came from a blacksmith's shop farther down the road.

On the opposite side of the street there was a small house, painted white and surrounded by a low picket fence. Inside the fence was a well-kept garden in which many old-fashioned flowers were blooming. If the tramp had asked and if a villager had condescended to answer, he would have learned that this house was the home of Jeremiah Ellis and his wife Ella. This information was not in itself remarkable, but coupled with the fact that Ellis and his wife were reputed to be the happiest pair in the country, it would have interested anyone.



"THROUGH THE TREES HE DISCERNED A PLEASANT LOOKING FARM HOUSE."



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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The knowledge of this, however, could not have been possessed by the tramp for he asked no one but gazed in thoughtful silence at the house.

Suddenly, there was a thud on the steps beside him. As he looked around and beheld an over-ripe tomato which had forcibly flattened itself near him, a second soared through the air near his ear. It did not take him long to locate the source of this bombardment. A small, bare-footed boy in dirty overalls was standing not far from him and, encouraged by two men, one with an apron, the other in overalls, was trying his best to place a tomato on an effective spot.

"Hit him, bub, while y' have a chance," urged the man with the apron.

"Atta boy, Tim!" shouted the other, "a little to th' right now! . . . that's it, right on the ear!"

So engrossed was the trio none of them heard the foot-steps behind. The tramp, however, who had first moved to retaliate, but was now preparing to move off, saw an elderly woman with a basket on her arm, hastening towards the group. The boy's first knowledge of her nearness was received when she seized his ear and swung him around.

"Shame on you, Tim Jackson!" she cried. "The idea of treatin' that poor tramp so! And you, Joe Hinsdale, a grown man like you settin' a boy on that helpless man. What do y' mean by it?"

"Oh, nothin', mum," mumbled the men sheepishly, and the boy began to whimper.

"I only hit him once," he stammered.

"Lucky for you," was the reply. "If your ma caught you doin' such things, I'll bet you'd feel the switch good an' plenty." Then as the men and the boy started away, she turned towards the tramp who was standing by the steps regarding her thoughtfully.

"You'd think those men had no heart," she said. "Joe Hinsdale, that's the store-keeper, is a mighty fine man just the same. He has the nicest wife and two of the dearest children—but there, you wouldn't be interested in that. You look tired and I'll bet you're hungry, too. Come on over to the house and I'll give you somethin'!"

The tramp followed her as she walked towards the white house across the street. A curious expression was on his face, a look of satisfaction and relief as if some long-looked-for event had, at last, come to pass.

A few moments later the ill-assorted pair arrived at the house. The woman, whom we might as well call Mrs. Ellis, was surprised, as they entered, when, upon looking back, she saw the man wipe his feet and noticed that he removed his hat. Tramps were not always as particular, she knew. Then, again, in the kitchen, he insisted upon washing before he ate, altho she could see that he was hungry by the way he looked at the loaves of new bread on the kitchen table.



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The hearty meal which Mrs. Ellis served, accompanied by a running stream of kindly conversation, was soon over and the tramp pushed back his chair.

"Are you Mrs. Ellis?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," she answered, starting with surprise at his tone. "Why?"

"Is Mr. Ellis at home?" he said ignoring the question.

"No, but he will be soon," she rejoined in a puzzled tone. "I expect him home to dinner any time. Why do you ask?"

"Well, madam," he began, his voice so changed that Mrs. Ellis could hardly restrain an exclamation of surprise. "I feel that I owe you an explanation. I am not, as I see you suspect, just what I seem to be. You probably wonder why I am masquerading in this garb. I will tell you the reason.

"About two months ago, a small company of men, all close friends, met in a Boston hotel for a social evening. I was one of them. Among the things discussed was kindness." Here he paused as footsteps were heard outside. A tall broad-shouldered man with a ruddy, good-natured face entered.

"Howdy, stranger," he said as he caught sight of the visitor and advancing held out his hand. As the hands met the farmer started. A sense of something unusual gripped him and he turned to his wife.

"Oh, Jeremiah," the latter cried. "This man is not a tramp. Just, listen to what he just told me."

"Ah, Mr. Ellis, I presume?" interrupted the stranger. Then perceiving the slight, questioning note of assent, he went on. "I have just started to tell your wife how it happened that I appear here dressed as I am."

"As I said," he continued, "we discussed kindness. Some claimed that it was a rare virtue; others said it was possessed in some degree by all. I was one of the latter and before the evening was over, I had decided to find one who I could say was the kindest person I had met. I then dressed as you see me and have covered a great deal of country in the two months since that time.

"A short while ago, I met a fellow-tramp," here he smiled slightly, "who told me of you, the happiest man and woman in the country. I had long cherished a theory that happiness was a result of kindness, so I made my way here. My hopes have been realized and I congratulate you upon being, in my estimation, the kindest couple in New England. Furthermore, at that same meeting, a member donated the sum of one hundred dollars to be presented to my choice. Here it is and may it bring you more joy and lasting happiness."

A few days later, the people of Boston were interested by an account in the newspapers. It told how Sidney Alden, the well-known actor, had masqueraded for two months as a tramp; how his choice had been made; and how he declared Mr. and Mrs. Ellis the kindest persons in New England. The couple refused to allow their pictures to be printed and would have preferred less publicity than was given them.

## The Younger Son

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I WAS just putting a saddle that had come up from 'Paso on the afternoon train, into the wagon at the station when somebody touched me on the shoulder. I turned around an' the man that was there nigh took my breath away. He had on knee breeches and a striped coat and one of these here monny-culls in his eye. He sure was a picture. Well, he looked me over and then said, handing out a card, "My deah sir, could you tell me where I can get a conveyance to take me to the H-BAR-L Rancho I believe is the name?"

"Wal," sez I, "My name ain't mideasir, it's Shorty, and ez fur ez the conveyance goes, I kin take you out because that's where I'm bound myself."

That's how Robert Algernon St. Clair, younger son, came to our ranch. He had some kind of a pull with old man Hillman, the boss, and he settled down to stay awhile. The first few days were pretty tough on him, and even the boss' daughter, Merle, had to laugh at the jokes the boy's played on him. By the end of the third day he was pretty well demoralized and then Larry Bowman played a mean trick on him. Algy, we called him that from the first, cut his hand on a piece of rock and Larry told him to tie it up in a piece of fresh rawhide and hold it in the sun for a couple of hours. Algy swallowed the story an' did it and in about an hour an' a half that hide was tightenin' up like a steel spring. Algy stud it about fifteen minutes more before he cut the rawhide and believe me his hand was sore for some long time; o' course Merle had to come out and scold Larry and then she petted Algy and did up his hand for him and made a big fuss gen'ally.

From then on Algy began to improve and he even went so far as to get up on a horse; o' course he didn't stay there long but ya had to admit he was a plucky beggar and before long he could ride tol'able well. After that he hed to learn to shoot so the boss gave me his Winchester and told me to amuse Algy. I did the best I could but if Algy had to provide for my table the only thing that there table would groan with is hunger-pains; but he thought it was great and it wan't long before he wanted to go huntin'. The fellows had told him about the grizzlies up in the foothills so he made up his mind he was going to shoot a grizzly. Now a grizzly's no joke and I've got a scar down my leg that'll testify to that. The boss knew that Algy would prob'ly get hurt so he told him he couldn't go bear-shootin'. This didn't please Algy at all but he didn't say much.



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Wal, a week went by with Halgernon improvin' daily and then one morning he wasn't at the house and a horse and rifle were gone. We knew durn well what hed happened so we hustled the horses and set off at a good fast clip 'cuz we didn't know but what poor Algy's remains were even then beautifyin' the landscape. Well, we followed his tracks about four miles without seein' either Algy or a bear that looked as if he had just had a good meal when from over the brow of a little hill in front of us came a loud yell. It sounded like Algy and we spurred our horses to the top of the hill where we could see what was happening.

We were some surprised at what we saw. There was Algy under four of the toughest lookin' specimens of human horse-flesh I ever did see. Three of them were Greasers from up Los Picos way and the other was a half-breed, name of Smith, I allus called him "Hard Boiled" Smith, he reminded me so much of a feller I used to know up in Massachusetts. Well, when they saw us comin' for 'em they jumped up and tried to draw but we convinced 'em that such actions were plumb onfavorable around here and they calmed down. This "Hard Boiled" Smith I was tellin' you about was a bad egg for sure an' we took all his cartridges and after paddlin' the bunch with our quirts we let 'em go.

This little episode cooled Algy down consid'able and since one of those "rude rowdies," as Algy called 'em, had stepped on his ribs he stayed in the house and let Merle wait on him. He didn't seem to mind it but he was allus scared pink when she was around and he got outside as soon as he could.

By this time he had dropped the monnycull and the kid's clothes and was dressed man's size. He could rope pretty good, too, but when it came to shootin' he was no good at all.

Everythin' went on smoothlike for about a month and then one night rustlers got away with eighty head of horses. This was more than the boss could stand so the boys scattered to try and find the bunch. The' was several ways that a rustler might get out of the valley our ranch was in and without botherin' you with explanashuns, I'll just say that we sent Algy fast to the one he was least likely to escape by. The rest of us chased off to watch the other passes.

Well—none of us saw hide nor hair of a rustler and two days later we started for the ranch-house and when we got there the first thing we saw was Algy a' settin' on the front porch talking to Merle and in the corral out back was the eighty head of horses. This beeyootiful sight plumb set us back for a while an' then we heard how he did it.

Seems that when Algy arrived at the pass he looked around for a good place to ambush the thief and he sure did find it. There's one place where the trail goes thru a good-sized ravine and Algy gets up on the bluff and looks around for some way to "get" the bandit seein' as how he couldn't shoot him. Well, he



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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threw his rope over the limb of a tree growing near the edge of the cliff and fastened the short end to a boulder lyin' under the tree; then he sat down to wait. In about two hours he heard hoof-beats and jumping up he saw horses coming down the gulch. He took the long end of the lariat and just as the horseman, following the horses, goes along underneath Algy threw the rope. At just the instant the rope struck around the thief's shoulders, Algy pushed the boulder over the edge and since the lasso went over the tree limb the rustler was yanked out of his saddle and hoisted up to the tree limb by the weight of the falling stone: well, Algy saw at a glance that his prisoner was "Hard Boiled" Smith, himself, working a little vengeance stuff so he searched him and then just nach'ally led him to the shur'f. .

O' course this made Algy a sort of hero and p'raps it was this that caused what happened later; it was like this—the Boss and I were settin' in the livin'-room seein' who could combustionize the most tobacco when Merle and Algy came in, Merle, first, with her eyes all shiny-like, and going over to the Boss she says, "Dad, Bob (she allus called Algy that) Bob has asked me to marry him and—Daddy—I can Daddy—can't I?"

Well, the Boss sat and looked at 'em for a little while an' then he said, among other things, "Son, whatever you were when you came here you're a real man, now."

And that sure is the truth—Robert Algernon St. Clair—Algy—Bob—is a *real man*, now.

DONALD REYNOLDS, 1922.

## The Romance of Old Books

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HAVE you ever gone into a second-hand book-store and prowled about among the dusty old volumes collected there? Have you ever stood and looked thru the old, tattered, dusty books? If so, have you ever thought of these books as individuals who have lived lives of their own? Have you ever wondered who their owners were, and how *they* lived and died? Have you ever realized that all books which have been truly loved by their owners have absorbed some of their personality, that they hold the key to some of their noblest thoughts and ideals, for they were their friends?

Every book which has been read and re-read and loved, holds a bit of the romance of its owner's life. What secrets they might tell of some of their most sacred dreams! But books never betray a confidence; they are true friends. The casual observer can only surmise what those dreams may have been, from markings, notes, or other symbols left within the beloved pages.

Here is an old volume of Browning with thumb-worn pages and marked passages. Someone loved it, else its pages would not bear the marks of such frequent perusal. How did it come here? Who was its owner? No one knows. Perhaps it was thru poverty, perhaps thru death; no one can tell.

I pick up a volume of Louisa Alcott's "Moods." To whom did it belong? As I glance thru its pages, I see, written in a delicate, girlish hand, "I loved him," and below, a blurred and wrinkled spot which may have been a tear-drop. What a tragedy those three words and that spot might tell! Perhaps her love had been only romantic idealism. Perhaps the ideal was shattered. Then what a bitter tear that drop must have been, for to have one's ideal prove faulty makes a deep and lasting wound. Or, again, the story, fraught with poignant love and sorrow, may have touched a sympathetic chord in her tender heart.

I linger long, looking at the little book, so filled with the romance of the story and of its owner. I long to ask it if her heart was broken or only wounded, if her tears were of grief and disillusionment or disappointment. But after all, it is only a book; it cannot answer. Her story is sealed within its pages forever. So I take it with me, for I love the beautiful romance of the story, made so much more impressive by the real romance buried in its pages.

As I pass on, I find a worn, disfigured Episcopal prayer-book. I open it. A faint, briny odor rises to my nostrils. Perhaps the owner lived by the sea.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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Then, as I turn through the book I find that only a few pages are well-worn. They are those for the service for "Burial at Sea." Then I know that the little book has belonged to a sailor. How many miles of seething water it has travelled over! How many foreign lands it has seen! Egypt, India, Japan! Or perhaps Europe! Little book, you have seen sights which many long to see, but will never see; you have been where many long to go, but will never go. Speak, and tell me of those strange and far-off lands, those lands which I may never see, but of which I shall always dream. Speak and tell me! It cannot answer, for it is only a book. But what a history it might tell had it a tongue.

Then I pick up another volume, a worn, old copy of Andersen's "Fairy Tales." I open it eagerly, and as I do so, a throng of story people come running out. There comes the tin soldier, marching merrily along. Here is the little match-seller, her poor little hands and feet blue with cold. The Christmas fairy, the Snow Princess, fairies, elves, gnomes gather around me. They lift me up and waft me away, away to that land of childhood, Fairyland. I live again among Andersen's story people. Again the little match-seller tries to warm her numb toes at an imaginary stove; again the tin soldier in his paper boat sails merrily on to the sea; again the despised ugly duckling is transformed into a swan; again the characters live for me.

How long I stand and dream, I do not know, for all the beloved people who populated the day-dreams of younger years, come trooping back to me. Alice in Wonderland, the Red and White Queens, Humpty-Dumpty, the Walrus and the Carpenter, from Lewis Carroll's beloved stories; Dickens' harsh old Scrooge, with Tiny Tim and all the rest of the Critchens; Rebecca Randall, Robin Hood, Aladdin and all his eastern compatriots, Mother Goose, and all the fairies, knights, princes, and beautiful ladies who populate the fairy books. All those whom I loved and dreamed of, return to me.

And with them they bring the old love of romance, and the high ideals and ambitions which have some way become lost or faded during contact with the world. I feel a new strength and firm resolve growing within me as I think of the childhood dreams unaccomplished. The sight of Spencer's "Fairie Queene," with her noble knights and high ideals, strengthens me, and I make a new resolve to attain higher planes than those on which I now stand. The future becomes bright and rosy, and the dangers along the way are few. I feel that I can accomplish anything.

Then the story people carry me back to earth; they return to the pages of the book, which I close with a sigh. The world has suddenly become very mundane and commonplace. Ambition and romance fade, and in their stead come reality and the eternal struggle against fate. Altho the few short moments



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which I have spent among those story people have given me new inspiration and courage, I sigh as I go on.

And so I pass on, looking thru the old books, thinking of their histories and of the unwritten romances buried within their pages. Some of them are filled with joy, some with sorrow, but all are pulsating with romance, the romance of the characters commingled with the romance of the owners. And I love to wonder who they were and what they did. I try to gain new help and inspiration from the thoughts of those who have left the imprint of their lives in these worn pages. I feel that contact with them, even thru the pages of a book, lifts me, if for only a moment, from the level on which I now stand, to a higher, nobler plane.

So, old volumes, doubly fraught with romance, become a never-failing source of interest and inspiration.

THELMA LORRAINE CROSBIE, '22.

## The Bravery of Singing Waters

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WHERE the needle-like tributaries of the great Missouri form a net-work of streams inclosing thousands of little valleys, lived a tribe of Redmen called the Kaiadoux. These Indians were greatly renowned for their hunting abilities, and so it was fitting that the greatest hunter of them all, Soo-um-ba, should be their chief.

Soo-um-ba was the possessor of the great bear-claw necklace, emblematic of unusual bravery. Under the laws of the tribe he must give it to whomever did a braver deed than he in his presence. Soo-um-ba had won the necklace when a youth, and for many years men had striven to wrest it from him. But no matter how great their feats, Soo-um-ba always surpassed them. However, he was growing old, and he feared he would not be able to keep it much longer. He desired that if anyone did win it from him, that it might be his only son; and so he tried to train his son to become a great hunter, and a courageous man.

Unfortunately, the son, who was now a young man, cared not at all for the hue and cry of the chase, nor yet for the silent stalking that was so often necessary. He would rather sit for hours dreaming beside a little waterfall not far outside the camp. Or he would go into the tepee of Boto, the tribal singer or poet, and listen to the long epics of ancient tribes, or perhaps sing the songs of his own making to the appreciative tribal poet. Soo-um-ba did not like this, and burnt many offerings on the medicine-man's altar, and prayed much that his son might become a mighty hunter like himself.

One cool summer morning Potagen, the medicine-man, walked out in the calm, dew-kissed forest to meditate. When he drew near to the little cascade of falling water he was greatly surprised to see Soo-um-ba's son standing near the dawn-flushed spray of the waterfall. Potagen came silently closer, and suddenly he heard high above the tinkling tune of the fall the clear young voice of the youth-who-would-not-be-a-hunter, as he was often called in derision.

“Singing waters, singing waters,  
Let me sing as you!  
Let me murmur to the forest,  
Let me carol to the blue!  
Singing waters, singing waters,  
Give me your voices free,  
So I may sing to the Great Spirit  
As He sings to me!

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Singing waters, singing waters,  
Give me the joy you knew  
When you first broke forth into rapture:  
Oh, let me sing as you!"

Potagen greatly marveled, for he was wise in understanding. And from that time Soo-um-ba's son was called Singing Waters, and was greatly jeered at by the young Indians; but when some of the old Kaiadoux, who had much wisdom, looked into his eyes they were amazed, and partially understood.

Now, Singing Waters had a cousin named Kaiwo, who, though but the same age, was already a famous hunter. When Soo-um-ba saw Kaiwo bringing in the carcass of an antelope or deer, or telling of the experience he had had with some mighty animal, he was ashamed of his son, and was sick at heart because Singing Waters was called a coward and a dreamer. So he said to his son, "Go thou into the forest and fast for three days and nights. And on the morning of the fourth day, before sunrise pray to the Great Spirit, that He may show you how to become a hunter." And Singing Waters did as his father had commanded.

On the morning of the fourth day Soo-um-ba stole from his tepee and crept through the lush, dew-empared grass into the shadowy aisles of the forest. And when he came near the little waterfall, where his son was, he hid himself behind a tree. Singing Waters was wan and weak from his unaccustomed fast, but when he saw the first rosy fingers of dawn touch the cloud-wisps above him he rose from his bed of leaves. Standing near the fall, he lifted up his arms to the crimson tassellated, and buttressed cloud-castles in the heavens, and prayed:

"O thou Great Spirit who buildeth tepees,  
Hills, and mountains, from the sun-kissed cloudlets;  
Then, after tinting them with all the hues  
And colors of the forests, fields, and streams,  
With one sweep of thy flying, whirling winds  
Effaces them forever from our sight;  
But who then from living stone and black earth  
Erects the selfsame tepees, hills, and mounts,  
On the stolid, and unresisting land;  
Hear thou my prayer!

"O thou Great Spirit who giveth to each  
His allotment of the joys of living;  
Who giveth to the birds the joy of singing  
Bubbling melodies from the fount of song;  
Who giveth to the streams and gurgling brooks  
Joy of tinkling tunes of water falling;  
Who has given to me, too, the joy of song,  
A heart that vibrates in ecstasy to  
All the songs of thy melodious world;  
Help me to sing as all thy creatures sing!"



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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And as he prayed, the golden sun crept laboriously over the ledge of the horizon, and started on its long climb through the skies; and a lark shot from the bushes, and went throbbing up into the azure vault, as if to keep a tryst with the sun in the highest heavens. Its glorious song thrilled and flowed in myriads of liquid notes, and slowly dwindled away; and the soft-murmuring cascade took up the magic song.

Then, as Soo-um-ba stood motionless in astonishment watching his transfigured son, a crashing sound broke the spell-like web that had been cast over them. Out from the forest came Kaiwo fleeing in terror from a bounding mountain lion. At the very feet of Singing Waters Kaiwo stumbled and fell, shrieking incoherent cries of fear. The lion, seeing that his prey was trapped at last, slouched slowly nearer, his green-glaring eyes exulting. Soo-um-ba was about to rush forward, but when he saw the foam-slavered jaws, and the tightening muscles of the monster, for the first time in all his life Fear clutched his heart with icy fingers. Singing Waters stepped forward, and again raising up his arms to the sky, he prayed:

“O thou Great Spirit, beneath whose falling thunderbolt  
The towering pine tree drops;  
Whose shadow-squadrons in dark array quell each revolt  
Of earth or sky; who stops  
The onrushing and rebellious tidal wave with one word;  
Who calms the restless sea;  
Give the sun-bright lances of thy warriors for my sword,  
Strike thou with me!”

The lion that had halted, restrained by the strangeness of this new antagonist, now prowled closer and closer, and then, tensing every muscle and sinew, it sprang. But Singing Waters had drawn his knife, and he thrust it deep into the lion's heart; and jumped back just in time to save himself from the last spasmodic sweeps of the cruel claws.

Soo-um-ba went back to his tepee in silence, and meditated a long time. And when Kaiwo, a few hours later, came into the village proudly bearing the carcass of a gigantic mountain lion, and receiving the plaudits of the tribe he said nothing. And when, not long after, Singing Waters returned empty-handed, and was greeted with hoots and hisses for his non-success, Soo-um-ba still spoke not; but he silently placed around Singing Waters' neck the great bear-claw necklace, emblematic of extraordinary bravery. And thus Singing Waters won the coveted trophy that so many men had striven for in vain. But he was never seen to do any hunting; and when the Indians came near the little waterfall he was always there, dreaming, and singing strange songs to the

answering stream. And whoever saw him came away with a great peace and deep joy in their hearts, although they did not understand.

But to this day, the Indians of the Kaiadoux tribe do not know why Kaiwo did not get the great bear-claw necklace, and why Soo-um-ba always called his son, when especially pleased with him, "Zwee-rish-ka," which means "Falling Thunderbolt."

R. L. D.

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## The Bonehead

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There are thousands  
Like him, in fact  
He is one of the  
Most numerous types  
Of the present day  
And yet,  
One is not  
Particularly attracted  
By his personality  
For—  
He is tall  
And unnaturally stiff  
With an extremely  
Bald head,  
Wherein were set  
A row  
Of perfect teeth.

His eyes, unfathomable,  
Were set above  
High cheek-bones.  
He had a  
Very short, flat  
Nose  
Almost shaped  
Like a triangle,  
His grin—  
But more  
Of that later—  
Stood above  
A sharp angular  
Chin.  
So much  
For his head.  
His stiff figure,

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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Straight	Its owner
As a ramrod,	At the same time
Scantily clad,	Mocked
Was	And threatened—
Stillness itself.	I was at
While,	This point
As one surveyed	In my calculations
This thin figure	When
You could have	My deductions
Counted his ribs,	Were most cruelly
An emaciated	Interrupted
Figure!	By my uncle's
However,	Saying
His most	"When you get
Impressionable	Through looking
Characteristic	At that skeleton
Was the fore-mentioned	Please
Grin,	Put it away
Not pleasant to see,	And lock
But one	The closet
Of sinister aspect	After you."
As though	

ANDREWS WYMAN.



[With due apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, I have used the title of one of his short stories to write this account of a tragedy in one of England's fiercest wars of conquest—the Sikh War in India—The Author.]

## The Lost Legion

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THE night was fast receding; the gray dawn was just beginning to show in spots through the dark wall of the eastern sky. One by one dark shapes began to definitely take the form of tents, and soon a whole encampment could be distinguished from the surrounding murk.

This camp, which had been hastily set up on the right bank of the Sutlej River, the southeastern boundary of that battle-ground of India, the Punjab, was the mobile home of the fourth battalion of the Queen's Own Royal Wiltshire Regiment. Already signs of life became apparent among the tents, for one does not sleep late in the Punjab in September; the mosquitoes see to that. A man could be heard coughing; another could be heard swishing through the long grass; a pariah dog, in search of scraps, incautiously brushed against a pile of mess-tins, causing them to fall with a great clatter, whereupon soldiers nearby rolled clumsily out of their blankets and peered out into the darkness with blinking eyes; a parrot suddenly began screaming "Time to get up! Time to get up!" at the top of his peculiar voice. Presently men appeared on the street; officers, in squeaking boots and jingling spurs, men in bright scarlet coats and dusty blue trousers.

After the appearance of these first few, the rest of the battalion rapidly turned out and prepared breakfast. By the time the lone cannon which the force possessed, had announced the advent of day by an impressive "Boom!", the men had nearly all eaten their meal. A few minutes later some ridiculously little drummer-boys issued from a large tent at one end of the camp, and swept majestically down the alley-way between the two rows of tents, to the flagstaff under which they halted. They paused a moment, then beat a long, loud roll. The soldiers poured out of the tents and formed in their respective companies a little distance in front of the flagstaff.

There was a stir at one side, and the austere battalion commander, Major Sir Henry Hall, rode out with his second-in-command in front of the troops.

"My men," he began, in a calm voice, "Three days ago, we met the enemy in a bloody engagement and drove them back across the river. Sir Hugh Gough

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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had nothing but praise for the conduct of the 4th Wiltshires. There is still more work for you. We're going across the Sutlej this morning to test the *power* of the Sikh Army after its defeat at Mudki. For spies can only tell the numbers of an army; it takes an armed force to reveal the strength of that army."

The men of the Wiltshires exchanged thoughtful glances; then, after the dismissal had been beat out by the infantile drummers, walked silently back to their respective tents, which they began to pull down.

"Gowan crosst' Sutlej, be uz?" grumbled William Perkin, in his thick, South English dialect. "Doan zee t' wisdom in zending' we with only vive 'under men 'gain' them thousands o' horsemen."

But Private Perkin could not resist the will of Sir Hugh Gough, so he marched down with the rest of his comrades to the blue, inviting waters of the Sutlej, where the flatboats to ferry the troops across were anchored.

First the largest flatboat was filled with men who had fixed their bayonets, and rowed across the river accompanied by various cries, songs, and gesticulations on the part of the river-men, and by great anxiety on the part of the O. C., Major Hall. When it reached the other side, all the men jumped hurriedly out and, while some scouts were being despatched, formed in a hollow square on the bank. After that the commander, in fact all the officers, breathed more easily, and the whole business of ferrying took on less haste.

After the best part of three hours had elapsed, the troops were all landed on the left bank of the Sutlej, the boatmen paid off, and the men ready to march. Scouts brought in reports of detached bands of roving Sikhs, but no large army. However, Private Perkin, eleven years out, thought otherwise.

"Us'll never zee no big army until they do be ready to attack us. I knows 'um," he growled.

"Silence in the ranks!" hissed the subaltern of the third company, to which Perkin belonged. Then, seeing who it was, the young officer's face softened and he continued in a low voice, "Oh, it's you Perkin. Strict discipline is the order of the day. I won't report you." Now the whole company knew and loved Private Perkin because of his fatherly manner toward new recruits, and his willingness to share with them his ample knowledge of warfare. So this leniency of the subaltern, Lieutenant Clarke, won him the instant favor of his entire command.

By noon, the scouts had located a small, but ever-increasing camp of dismounted Sikhs to the north-west of them. So the Wiltshires turned their steps thitherward, covering nearly half the distance which lay between them and their objective before night swooped down upon them in the tropical fashion.

Finally darkness stopped further marching that day. Camp-fires were lit to keep off the jackals and hyenas; rifles were stacked; the men made themselves

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as comfortable as possible for a sleepless night. Lieutenant Clarke made his way around his company, smiling at some wide-eyed recruit, pausing to crack a joke with some silent group around a fire, stepping lightly over prostrate forms, till he reached the spot where Private Perkin, squatting in front of a little fire of his own, was gravely recounting some of his adventures with the Afghans to an open-mouthed little drummer boy and a skeptical young corporal.

"Well father, what's your advice to the Major concerning our movements now?" said the subaltern, jocularly.

"Our bez move be to pack uz back crosst' river," replied the veteran, staring into the fire. There was a long pause. Clarke grinned; the corporal sniffed, scornfully; the minute drummer watched the private with an awed face. Suddenly Perkin looked up.

"Did yer 'ear that?" he demanded, loudly. "This beant no place for such as we. The Zikhs are moze likely comin' in from all around. We'll be zurrounded be mornin'. Yo' know the zon o' their leader, Krindar Singh, was mortal hurt at Mudki vour days ago, an' Krindar wants Henglish blood ter pay."

The drummer boy shuddered and drew nearer the fire.

"All very true, Private Perkin," broke in a voice from the darkness. "I commend you upon your insight. But," it continued, "There are one or two other things to be considered." The speaker came into the circle of light thrown by the fire. The little group gasped and sprang up to attention. It was Major Hall.

"Sit down, my friends," he said, cordially, "I should just like to add to these very sage words of Perkin. In the first place, the Sikhs are, at the present moment, very short of horses. Don't you remember, Lieutenant, that splendid bag of four thousand Baluchi ponies made by the Scottish Borderers just before the big fight at Mudki? So we can beat them back to the river all right if they become too strong, which is what we're here to find out, and if they come too close, a forlorn hope will make a stand while the rest get away in the boats. Also I have learned that the Afghans have raised the Holy Standard, forcing Krindar to send his brother Ramar against them with some five thousand men, in which case we could easily hold off the rest while the boats"—suddenly an orderly rushed past them shouting, "Major Hall! Where is Major Hall? News for the Major!"

"Right here!" answered the subaltern. The orderly turned quickly and ran towards them sobbing, "There's a huge Sikh army not two miles in front of us! The Sutlej has flooded and swept away the boats, so we're cut off!" Clarke felt a thrill of horror shake him. The Major turned white as a sheet, but, quickly recovering himself he demanded, "Who told you? Who brought the news?"

"Two Hindus and one of our scouts," replied the orderly striving to control



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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himself, "The two Hindus were starving and Penn, the scout, was all shot up. He's dead now. He said there was a large mounted force of Sikhs under Ramar Singh almost between us and the river. God help us, now!"

"Tell Captain Raleigh I shall join him directly I've gotten the third and fourth companies ready for marching. Tell him to do the same with the first and second. And you," said the Major, turning and roughly shaking the little drummer, who was dazed by the news, "Join your corps and beat the 'Fall In.' There is still some hope," he murmured, turning aside, "If there is a relief force on the other side with enough guns to cover us, until the river subsides."

In a very short time, the four companies of quivering men swung into a long narrow column on the double-quick, on their hopeless race back to the cruel Sutlej. What different circumstances from the day before did the red, Punjabi sun see as he showed his head above the horizon that morning! The men who were, one morning sleepily cooking breakfast were, the next morning, running for their lives from a skilful and terrible foe.

After some long hours of forced marching, the battalion halted for a minute on the summit of a low hill. The Sutlej, very much wider and full of bits of wreckage such as trees, roofs of houses, was hardly more than a mile distant. A dense fog which had hitherto enveloped them lifted and not far above them, the Wiltshires could see the flashing spears of Ramar Singh moving swiftly down the bank of the river. There was no relief force anywhere in sight across the eddying waters. Major Hall turned and looked back. There was a long, black line of men stretching from the mounted Sikh army in a shallow crescent almost to the river, below the little English force. He turned away wearily. Just then Captain Raleigh, his second-in-command and close friend, joined him. Raleigh looked silently at the slowly moving black line.

"Never mind, old chap," he said, softly, "It's no fault of yours. You were sent out on a fool's errand and fate has been against you. But you have done your best, and if a true report of what's going to happen now ever reaches our army, no blame will rest on your head. As for us two, old pal—well we were born together, we went to school together, we've lived together and now we die together. What more can we ask? It's a soldier's death. However, our chief object, now is to get into a position to kill as many Sikhs as possible before we're all dead. Certainly this place won't do, because we'd be attacked on all sides. There, I see the very place now! Right over where that large grove of palms is. The river bends, there, at almost a right angle forming that narrow point which we could defend quite easily." "Quite right!" exclaimed the major, moving toward the head of the column. "We'll run for it." Then, facing the men, he shouted, "Any person wishing to desert and take his chance in the enemy's camp, may do so now, for I can command no man to commit suicide." He stop-

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ped and glanced over the bronzed faces of the Wiltshires. Not a man stirred. The major's face lighted up with pride and admiration. "Then" he cried, exultantly, "Every man, except the artillery-men, for himself. Cut for that bunch of palms, far over by the river there and—God bless you!"

Taking his sword scabbard in his hand to keep it from catching in his legs, he ran heavily down the slope in his big riding boots, for he and Captain Raleigh had given up their horses to help pull the gun. The battalion broke ranks with a cheer and went flying after their commander.

The Himalayan Sikhs on the right extremity of the black crescent, which was only a short distance from the aforementioned palms, watched with great astonishment and no little uneasiness this sudden breakup of those amazing English from an orderly column of quiet men, just ready to be slaughtered, into a jumbled mass of howling lunatics. Now, although the Sikh is never cowardly about material things, he is often superstitiously afraid. So, as the transfigured Wiltshires with six inspired horses drawing their little cannon behind them, were coming toward the worried hill-Sikhs, the latter quickly, although quite unostentatiously, withdrew to a safe distance on one side, and squatted on their black heels to await further doings of the English.

For, very probably, Shaitan, the Evil One, had gained control over the minds of the white men. And surely it were useless to wage war against the Devil. Moreover, the Devil showed his usual cunning in placing the thoroughly perverted troops in most advantageous positions. The eighteen-pounder was planted in the palm grove which was on the upper side of the point, and one company was entrenched around it. Two other companies lay in shallow trenches along the open ground from the trees across the base of the point to the river on the other side. The last company lurked on the edge of the grove, acting as a reserve. The point was now wholly diabolic.

The up-country Sikhs stroked their beards dubiously when the main part of their army drew near. They were horror-stricken when the cavaliers of Ramar Singh, less hampered by religious superstitions actually charged the Evil Gun. The inevitable happened. The splendid troops, composed of the nobility of the Punjab, were met by a galling fire from the woods, which swept away some fifth of their number. Whereupon the cavalry wisely turned and rode back to where the main Sikh army was established. The brothers Krindar and Ramar Singh held a council of war together with a boy of sixteen, Ranjit, son of the great organizer of the Sikh State.

"Obviously some different course must be taken," argued Ramar, the cautious, the tactful. "There is no use wasting men on that protected position, especially as they have a cannon. Let us wait until the heavy guns which the



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French have supplied us with, reach us, for then we can blow them up without the loss of another man."

"Nay!" replied Krindar fiercely, who, aside from having an impetuous nature, wanted his son, who was dying, to know that he was avenged. "Nay! the imperial Guru saith that my son dies to-morrow night. Those unbelievers in the wood must pay for his life ere the sun set again."

"Ere the sun set again," softly repeated the boy Ranjit, who had been silent up to now. "Would you deign to listen to a plan, worked out this morning and improved now, which I humbly offer to my elder. Let me whisper it in your ear?" So young Ranjit who, by the way, inherited much of his great father's sagacity in war, and not a little of his tact in peace, laid his really, very shrewd plan before the two leaders.

When Ramar Singh was sent against the Afghans, instead of making war upon them, he persuaded them with all the tact which characterized him in later life, not only to give up thoughts of war against such a powerful people as the Sikhs, but even to join him in a Holy War against the infidel English. He disarmed their suspicions by loading them with presents, arming them well, and placing them either in the rear or on a wing of the army so that they wouldn't be surrounded by Sikhs. So on the night of the council of war, Ramar, following Ranjit's plan, used these savage men to creep upon and attack the line of Wiltshires which was entrenched between the river and the trees. But the Afridis were discovered before they reached the trench, and after a short, stiff combat were driven back, or rather took flight, for the Afghans pride themselves more on their cruelty and cunning, than they do their bravery. Although the attack failed to work much material harm, it played havoc with the spirit of the English. They were shaken, and stood trembling by the suddenness of the onslaught. A few of the natives, who were attached to the Wiltshires, began to slip away.

When morning came, a broad column of Jumna Sikhs advanced on the same men who had suffered during the night. The English poured a terrific fire upon the oncoming foe with the result that the column rapidly melted away. Notwithstanding, other regiments quickly took their places in the attack. Then it was that the Sikh showed his greatest devotion to his religion, state, and chief. Columns of the fearless men stood up in rows to be shot down, so that their comrades could take shelter behind their bodies. Then some of the most advanced groups would suddenly spring up and dash forward in a closely knit mass. Of course every English gun would be turned on them, so they would fall together in a heap. Other groups would dart behind these newest dead; and so the attack went on, always forward, forward.

When the mounds of dead came within twenty-five yards of the trench, the



groups all along the front of the creeping regiments, jumped up and, bending low ran swiftly forward. There were not nearly enough English rifles to stop the rush at such a short distance, so many of the fierce Sikhs reached the trench. Then it was that the peculiar mediaeval armor which those consummate fighters wore, stood them in good stead. For only by a strong, direct thrust could a bayonet pierce the finely tempered steel meshes of their mailed shirts. For a time the Sikhs had the upper hand. The line of English swayed drunkenly back and forth.

Then Major Hall came running into the turmoil of sweating men. He grasped the situation at a glance and cried, "Unfix your bayonets and use them as daggers, then club your guns!" When the men acted on this command, the fighting became more even. Numbers began to tell a little on the Sikhs for many had fallen in that final rush. However, as there was no shooting to speak of, going on now, the whole right wing of the enemy rose and swooped down upon the struggling Wiltshires. Whereupon, the natives on the English side deserted in a body. Not an English rifle spoke. But the Sikhs liked not deserters, consequently the miserable Hindus received the whole force of the charge. They were trodden down like worms under the heels of the oncoming Sikhs. Not a man was spared.

In a few seconds the trench was swarming with the newcomers. The Wiltshires backed slowly toward the grove, while hordes of steel-encased, bearded men flung themselves upon them. When the Afridis saw how things were going, they came forth from their places of safety which they occupied all during the morning, and poured down upon a hitherto untouched company—to kill. The slaughter was tremendous.

Nevertheless the English gained the wood where they were able to put up a better fight by reason of the shelter which the tree-trunks gave them. Then young Ranjit's strategy began to work. Captain Raleigh, in command of the company entrenched around the gun, had a daring thought go through his head. His company and the eighteen-pounder doing nothing, because of the inactivity of the cavalry opposite them—the other three companies behind them losing ground in front of a host of the enemy—the Sikh cavalry a good three-quarters of a mile away—why not? He ordered the cannon to be turned around and pushed toward the scene of action. The gun was about half way through the grove when several Afridi scouts who had been almost under the noses of the English, jumped up and, waving little green flags, scurried back to their army. It was the signal! The English had done just what Ranjit had expected them to do.

Instantly the heavy cavalry got into motion and thundered down upon the unprotected first company of the Wiltshires before the cannon could be turned

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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around again and brought against them. The edge of the grove burst into a sheet of flame; the first rank of the Sikh horse fell. Once more did the first company fire, killing more of the horsemen. Then they stood up to a man, and with fixed bayonet and calm face waited for the death which they knew to be theirs. In a second the cavalry was upon them. Captain Raleigh in a frenzy of grief drew his sword and slashed wildly at a horse's neck in front of him. He was soon cut down by a huge, Punjabi noble. Company A was annihilated where it stood.

The relentless horsemen kept right on thru the wood, taking the rest of the doomed Wiltshires in the rear. Men killed Sikhs in front of them only to be killed by Sikhs behind them. Major Hall, turning from a successful sword battle with a grim Afridi, was run through the stomach by a lancer. He gave a groan, fell rolling into a gully and lay still. Lieutenant Clarke, with his back against a tree was facing a ring of Sutlej farmers. Two went down under his nimble sword, but a third brought his scimitar down on the subaltern's head, and the poor boy fell to the ground with the blood streaming over his face.

In a short time the bloody work was over. The Sikhs thought that the last Englishman was dead. Still a rifle spoke. Private Perkin with the little drummer beside him was deliberately picking off the officers. He was very soon located, however, and bullets began singing by his ears. Suddenly the little drummer toppled forward with a scream of anguish. Then a minute later, a bullet found its way into Perkin's brain. He silently dropped and, turning over, died gravely smiling as he had smiled all through life.

The sun was dropping low on the horizon. Major Hall in his little gully opened his eyes; shut them; opened them again. Hearing something stirring in front of him, he raised himself painfully upon his knees, and looked waveringly over the edge of the hole. The sight which met his eyes made him close them again. A huge, hairy Afridi was deliberately cutting the heart out of the body of Captain Raleigh, to keep with him in order that he might be as brave as that gallant officer. The unhappy Major tried to shout, but only effected an inarticulate murmur. The Afghan, looking up, saw the Major and got up, grinning maliciously, with his bloody prize in his hand. A minute later he was standing over the suffering man, then—darkness.

Krindar, Ramar, and Ranjit Singh walked among the heaps of English dead to select a proper messenger of the disaster to the British army. They came upon poor Clarke lying at the foot of the tree which had rested his back when he was fighting. In front of him lay two fierce lowland Sikhs, while beside him was a third, killed by the effort of weakening hands. Krindar gazed sternly upon the young warrior because of the many brave men stricken down by that youthful hand. Ramar regarded the boy regretfully thinking of the strong arm lost

to the world; but Ranjit of the Tender Heart shed a tear for the babe lost to its mother. Then he remarked to the others upon the handsome profile for even when smeared with blood the face had a striking look. Ramar spoke to the attendants beside him, and they sprang forward, picked up the boy, bore him to the river's edge and placed him on a broad log. Krindar bent down to tuck a piece of paper under the white fingers. Then the log was shoved out into the current. Thus was the message of the disaster sent.

Now, if the Afghans had been managing the affair, they would have sent Clarke down the river in pieces, so no complete account of the battle would have been had. But the Sikhs did not look with any favor upon this barbarous proceeding, for they sent the subaltern whole. So it was that when the log bearing its grim messenger grounded with a jolt at another bend farther down the river, the grim messenger sat up and looked around with blinking eyes. For lucky Jack Clarke only suffered from a scalp wound and slight concussion of the brain and after two days' wandering he struck the British camp at last. And that is why we know this story so well.

The sun was just setting when Krindar Singh entered the tent of his son. Stooping, he lifted the thin pale youth and carried him to a place where he could see five hundred English dead heaped around the trees and in the trench.

"There is my vengeance," said Krindar, simply. The boy's eyes flashed with true Sikh spirit. Then—with an exultant smile upon his lips, he hunched up in his father's arms and died.

JOHN L. WIGGIN, '22.



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NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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# FEATURES

-WAGNER-



SARAKELYA  
HARVARD  
ST. GEORGE





## You Never Can Tell

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“ALL aboard for the (Carter) Boston,” shouted the conductor from his (Booth.) “Don’t forget that this is the last car (Bachman) for an hour,” he shouted to me as I approached through the (Gray) morning mist. So I hopped aboard and simultaneously the car started and we were underway.

After paying my dime, I went in and sat down to prepare for a (Knapp) as I had not had much sleep during the night. But it was useless; I could no (Moore) sleep, than do algebra. Finally, a small boy came in and sat by me. Observing that he had been crying, I asked him what the matter was. Whereupon he replied, “Some fresh (Chap-man)aged to hit me on the head with a B. B. shot.

“Sure enough”, assented I as I (Felton) his head a lump the size of a (Ball); “But tell me, son, how did this happen?”

“Well you see,” he began, “I have been visiting my aunt who lives in the country and I was on my way to the car-line through the (Woods) and was just about to (Crosby) Farmers’ (Lane) when I saw a little (White) rabbit (Eaton) some cabbage in the middle of the path, and just at that moment the B. B. struck its mark. And (Owen) it did, (Wyman) (Maybe) it didn’t hurt. Then the would be shooter (Sheldon) me profuse excuses but they didn’t help me any. But I—”

“Sorry to interrupt; but I’ve got to (Bjornson), this is my stop; so long.”

As I got off, I overheard the following conversation between two colored gentlemen:

“Say, Bill, whar was yo’ Born?”

“(Osborne) in (Peabody) but ah (Grantham) that (Lawrence) is a much better place; but ah thinks that of all da cities ah have eber seen (Newton) is da best. Really, there are (Morford)s in (Lawrence) than—”

“Say, Tham, dat reminds me of Shakespeare; ‘Der are mo’ things in Heaben and Earth, (Diluzio) dan was eber dreampt of in yo’ philosophy.’ But what yo’ said is about right, fo’ when ah was las der, dey (Lynde) da streets all around.”

I then passed on through the square and into a cafe to get some breakfast which consisted of (Graham) bread, ham and eggs, a cup of coffee, and an ice-cream (Cone). While I was eating, I heard one waiter say to another, “I saw that (Juthe) other day who (Stokes) (Cole) at the (Parker) house and he said

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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that he was more than glad that (Wilson) was through being president; all he was good for anyway was to be a (Butler) in (Thompson's) Spa."

Well, thinking that I had heard enough ig(Noble) talk, I departed for my destination, the golf links, but a short distance away.

After changing my attire and engaging my (Cady), I sauntered up to the first tee. As is always the (Ruhlin) anything, when one plays alone one never (Fales) to perform feats which before seemed impossible. Over (Hill) and course we went, through bunkers which before had proved (Graves) to me and onto greens where I couldn't seem to miss the customary adjacent putts. But it is ever thus.

After the round, I went to lunch at the club. While passing through the main (Hall), I noticed a boat with a (Hull) (Haff) (Black) and (Haff) green named the (Badger). This model fascinated me and I (Grant) that on the successive (Morrow)s, I eyed it with appreciation. I then proceeded to my lunch for which I had; potato with (Brown) gravy, corn on the (Kolb), (Welch) rabbit and tea. On my way out, I took a couple of packages of gum and told the clerk to (Additon) to my bill. Whereupon I sauntered into the lobby and had a game of (Kelley) pool with friend Blodgett who made such a (Goodwin) that it cost me a pound of (Foss) chocolates.

But in-as-much as it was getting (Leighton) into the afternoon and as I had quite a distance to cover, I started for home and arrived there just as the chimes in the (Church) (Tower) pealed forth the (Ayres) of parting day.

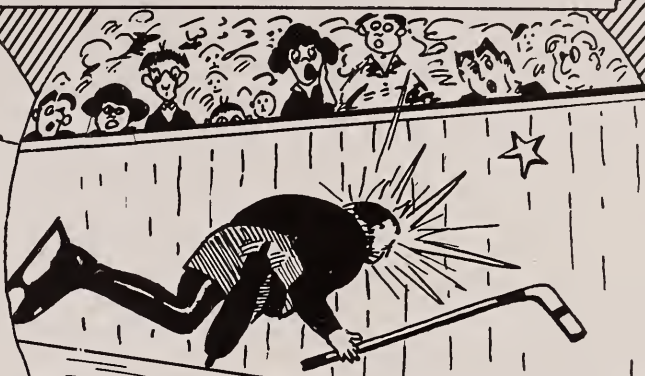
CLARK HODDER, '21.

# 'MEMBER WHEN —

HAVERHILL



NEWTON  
LEFT TOWN  
IN A BODY ?



CLICK-HODDER  
TRIED TO PULL DOWN  
THE ARENA ?



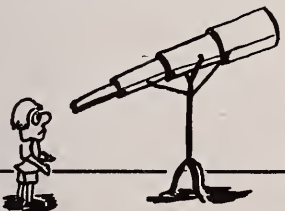
WE HEARD THE  
PRIZE SPEAKERS  
IN THE HALL ?

YOU  
COULD  
SEE FIFTEEN CTS.  
WORTH OF FOOD WITHOUT A  
MICROSCOPE



M.I T GAVE US  
A CONCERT  
?

50¢. FOR A LOOK  
INTO THE FUTURE



COLLEGE SEEMED A  
LONG WAY OFF ???



WE WUZ ALL FRESHIES  
?

F.T.M. JR.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### ADVERTISEMENTS APPLIED

Have you a little Fairy in your home—"Clem" Coady  
It pays to advertise—Mr. Lane  
Eventually. Why not now?"—"Web" Wiggin  
57 Varieties—Lunch Room Meat  
Be an Artist!"—"Phred" McGill  
Fleischmann's Yeast—Lawrence Rising  
Steinway—the Instrument of the Immortals—Wagner  
Lucky Strike—Clark Hodder  
Williams Shaving Cream—J. E. Clapp  
Sunshine Crackers—"Cutie" Cunningham  
Kiddie Koop—Room 23  
Sunkist—"Mat" Carter  
Graham Cracker—George Graham  
Life Savers—Dismissal Bells  
Charms—Chemistry Odors  
99-44/100% pure—The Ice Cream (?)  
Flexible Flyer—"Jake" Stafford  
Say it with Flowers—Miss Bonney  
Arrow Collars—Allen A. Kawel, Jr.  
There's a Reason—Blue card!  
Bonny B Hair Nets—"Bee" Lane  
Malted Milk for Infants and Invalids—Winslow Hartford  
Babbit's—At Your Service—"Jerry"  
Wear-Ever—Our Gym  
Assorted Nuts—Cicero Caesar Virgil  
Bon Ami—Miss Waldemeyer  
It Floats—"Flossie" Owen  
Mild—yet they satisfy—The Faculty

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Mary had a little lamp,  
She filled it with benzene.  
She went to light her little lamp,  
She hasn't since benzene.



Luis and Warren

"Herb" kicks a Goal. (Somerville Game)  
 "Bob" through Center. (Somerville Game)  
 "Ted" and Roger "Pals"

Two of a Kind



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

"Don't link arms."	Miss Wilder
"Must I resort to primary school methods?"	Mr. Davis
"What are you here for?"	Mr. Adams
"Frankly, I don't know."	Miss Capron
"Dates are hooks to hang facts on."	Miss Carleton
"I weep. Bitter! Salt!! Tears!!!"	Miss Poore
"Misericorde"	Miss Waldmeyer
"Cut out the bone-head stuff."	Coach Dickinson
"Why are you late?"	Miss Wise
"Why don't you boys think?"	Mr. Mergandahl
"You must meet me half-way."	Mr. Lane
"Ca suffit."	Miss Weinfield
"Now follow me closely."	Miss Sibley
"If so, why? If not, why not?"	Mr. Vaughan
"Pass to your recitations."	Miss Owen
"Do you agree?"	Miss Dix
"Well, now, let's see—————"	Mr. Underwood
"You may note that."	Miss McGill
"C'est bien."	Miss Howard
"That's right."	Mr. Richmond
"No more talking, please."	Miss Hackett
"There's no reason why we should not win this debate."	Miss Smith

---

SMART FRESHMAN: "How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

WISE JUNIOR: "Don't let them turn in."

TEACHER: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

WEARY STUDENT: "Just before exams."

FATHER (looking over Son's "personal expenses" account): "What do you mean by forty dollars for tennis?"

SON: "Oh, that's for a couple of rackets I had to have."

FATHER: "Yes, I understand, but I think we used to call them bats."

TEACHER: "Who can tell me what a post office is?"

JOHNNY: "A place where a Scotchman fills his fountain pen."



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# THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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MY NEW TYPEWRITER

BY R. D. D.

(With acknowledgements to B. Norris)

DeeAr tEAche-r8/:

i zm sURE Tou2 willlllbe p9lEAs#d to KNwo?/ TthaT I JUsst  
gott aNe3w&/U tYPE\_w4iTer;:/ . It cERta8'nLY(is a GRE--t machInee/  
"it 3rITes finely??) a#d coSTonly 7i\$\$\$%. THat"s pprety gOOd for-  
ra NO. .7-ll xxzq uNNderWOOD!! , Isn-t IT))?

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tIME/??? (#)?/

YyouRs/,;#,

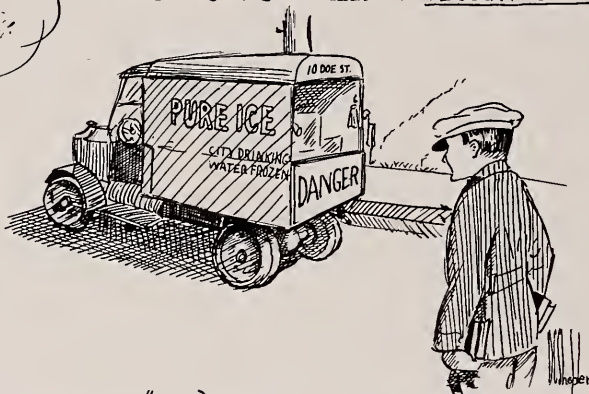
XXX XXX XXX



THIS IS A SNAPSHOT OF TWO  
BASE BALL PLAYERS CRACKING NUTS



THIS MIGHT BE CALLED A DESERT SPOON



THE BOY: "ISN'T THAT FUNNY? ON THE SIDE  
IT SAYS "CITY DRINKING WATER FROZEN" AND  
ON BACK IT SAYS "DANGER" "



I'M STUCK ON THIS EXPERIMENT!  
YEA? I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT

HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?-----?



WHEN YOU DISCOVER YOU'VE  
NOT STUDIED THE LESSON —



AND SO YOU TRY TO MAKE  
UP FOR LOST TIME —



AND THE TEACHER SEES YOU  
AND CALLS ON YOU —



AND YOU START TO SPEAK ON  
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW —



AND THEN THE BELL RINGS !!!

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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### JEREMIAH

#### I

Oh, Jerry was a mighty man,  
As I have heard it said,  
Who always traveled 'round about,  
A cap upon his head.

(I'm telling now not what I know  
Nor what was in a book),  
That cap was made of Seniors' gowns,  
Which he so foully took.

In all the Senior companies,  
Back in the days of old,  
The graduating pupils wore  
These gowns, so I am told.

But then, one day, the janitor  
Was taken sorely ill,  
And so there came this Jerry man,  
The vacant place to fill.

And in the years that followed fast,  
There rose a wicked doubt.  
The gowns appeared to disappear,  
*Where to* did not come out.

Now comes the vile convicting thing  
That to me then was told  
By Jane, my scandal loving aunt—  
It nearly knocked me cold.

My aunt, she had it from a man  
Who peddled fish each day.  
He said he heard it from a girl  
He met upon his way.



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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The girl, in turn, had heard it from—  
She did not know just who;  
But just the same, she roundly swore  
That what she heard was true.

### II

And now the thing was noised abroad  
'Till everyone had heard;  
The thief of all those gowns was known,  
And Jerry was that bird.

He had those gowns at night purloined—  
Now this was what was said:  
He'd cut and sewed those gowns until  
He'd caps to crown his head.

And when the school did find it out,  
The blow was sorely felt.  
A dismal sorrow held it fast;  
The hardest heart did melt.

And when the question dwindled down,  
'Twas Jerry or the gowns.  
Which to keep and which to fire;  
The fight had ups and downs.

Said they, "Discharge that janitor?  
In truth, we hardly can,"  
And then, at last the die was cast  
In favor of the man.

So this is why, each blessed day,  
A cap our Jerry wears.  
The school has seen its choice was wise;  
We hope he'll stay for years.

DONALD W. LEONARD, '21.



The Newtonville Gang  
Assorted Sweets  
The Fiji Five

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### FROM THE VERSE GRINDERS

#### The Old Oaken Lunch Room.

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of the lunch-room,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The ice-cream, the cocoa, the tuna fish souffle,  
And all complications of hash and of stew!  
The jars of cold milk, and the sandwiches by it,  
The sweet chocolate and the hot soup as well;  
The long wooden counter, the ticket-stand nigh it,  
And e'en the loud racket when any dish fell!

The Newton High lunch-room, the twelve o'clock lunch-room,  
The most crowded lunch-room of which we can tell!

D. B. FLEMING, 1921.

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### SPORTS

The boy rushed up the gridiron,  
He played with hot severity.  
He tore a hole and went clean through  
And now they call him Garrity.

Another burned the indoor track.  
He ran like trains for Boston.  
To see him lead the thousan' yards,  
You'd know his name was Clausen.

Then came the sound of cracking ice,  
The crowd stood up to holler.  
A nice, clean shot bent up the cage,  
A goal rang in for Hodder.

A spit-ball shot across the pan,  
You'd thought the boy would dodge it.  
'Round came that good ole' Newton bat,  
"Home run!" for Peter Blodgett.



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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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### THE DAUGHTERS' CAPTION

We were huddled in the hallway  
Not a soul would dare to speak  
T'was eight-thirty in the morning  
We were freshmen, Oh! so meek.

T'is a fearful thing for Freshmen  
To be standing in the hall  
And to hear the teachers calling  
"To your home rooms, one and all!"

But we shuddered there in silence  
E'en the stoutest full of gloom  
While each Senior, Junior, Sophomore  
Went serenely to his room

As thus we stood in terror  
Each one shaking with great fear  
We heard Miss Wallace saying  
"Can I help you, Freshmen, dear?"

Then we heard Mat Carter whisper  
As she took Kent's icy hand  
"Come now, let's get-a-move on,  
Let us show them we have sand."

So we followed kind Miss Wallace,  
And we felt in better cheer,  
For we now were safe in N. H. S.  
To begin our Freshman year.

E. DABOLL, 1921.

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### MAYBE YOU DO

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,  
With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you pray for endurance and leave them alone,  
Well—maybe you do—but—I doubt it.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to seize,  
With a velvety softness about it,  
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?  
Well, maybe you do—but—I doubt it.

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### SHAKESPEARE, PLEASE COPY

Sweet are the days of Freshman years  
Which, like a bird, timid and lonely at first  
Has yet a happy heart within its breast:  
And this our life at good old Newton High  
Finds laughs in Latin, blunders in basketball  
Gyrations in gym and fun in everything  
I would not change it. CATHARINE OSGOOD, 1924.

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### WHO'LL BUY A LIMERICK

As Mr. *Clark Hodder*  
Was *Eaton* his fodder  
All on a summer's day,  
A great *Brown* mucker  
In bib and *Tucker*  
Stole Clark's *Cunningham* away. E. K. 1921.

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"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"How about 'fortnight.'"

The electrician had reached home about 1:00 A. M. and was preparing to disrobe, when his wife glared at him and said:

"Watts the matter? Wire you insulate?"

But the shock was too great. The electrician dropped dead.

POP No. 1.: Now I know why that fellow said:

"Frailty thy name is woman."

POP No. 2: Why?

POP No. 1.: My daughter at college is so frail that she seems to get broke all the time.





Four Vamps

Smile Please  
A Newton High Sampler

The Riot Twins





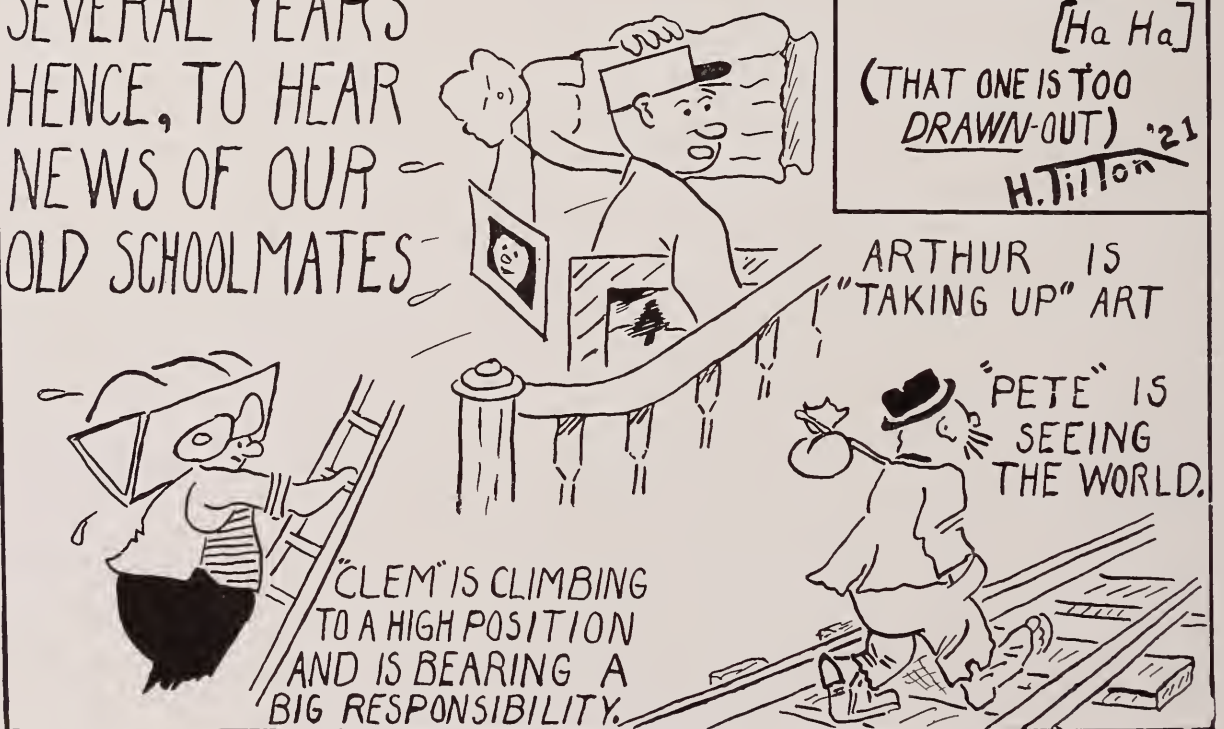
WON'T IT SEEM QUEER,  
SEVERAL YEARS  
HENCE, TO HEAR  
NEWS OF OUR  
OLD SCHOOLMATES

DO YOU SEE  
THE POINT?

[Ha Ha]

(THAT ONE IS TOO  
DRAWN-OUT) '21

H. Tilton



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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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### WHY SOME PEOPLE CAME TO HIGH SCHOOL

- "CLEM" COADY: To disturb class meeting.  
"BEA" LANE: To see what it is like without "Stan."  
GEORGE PIERCE: Cause Helen did.  
GEORGE GRAHAM: To be editor of the Newtonian.  
"MAT" CARTER: To have a good time.  
JANET EATON: To say "Hi there" in the corridors.  
MARION JUTHE: To talk to Mr. Lane.  
STIMETS: To fall asleep.  
CLARK HODDER: To shake hands with the captains of all the other hockey teams.  
NORMAN FOSS: To study a time-table.  
CHARLES BROWN: So Norman wouldn't be lonesome.  
FLORENCE OWEN: To make Mr. Dickinson blush.  
THE GARRITYS: Nobody knows.  
MR. LANE: To start things.  
HELEN CROSBY: Because she had to.  
"JENNY" AND "KENTY": To see if it would make them grow. (Has it?)  
ROGER CUMMINGS: Why did he?  
"BERT" EWING: To be a pest.  
GRARSE GULIAN: To show he is as good as "Mean."
- 

My mama told me not to smoke—

I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—

I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink

At handsome men or even think

About intoxicating drink—

I don't.

To dance and flirt is very wrong—

I don't.

Wild girls chase men—

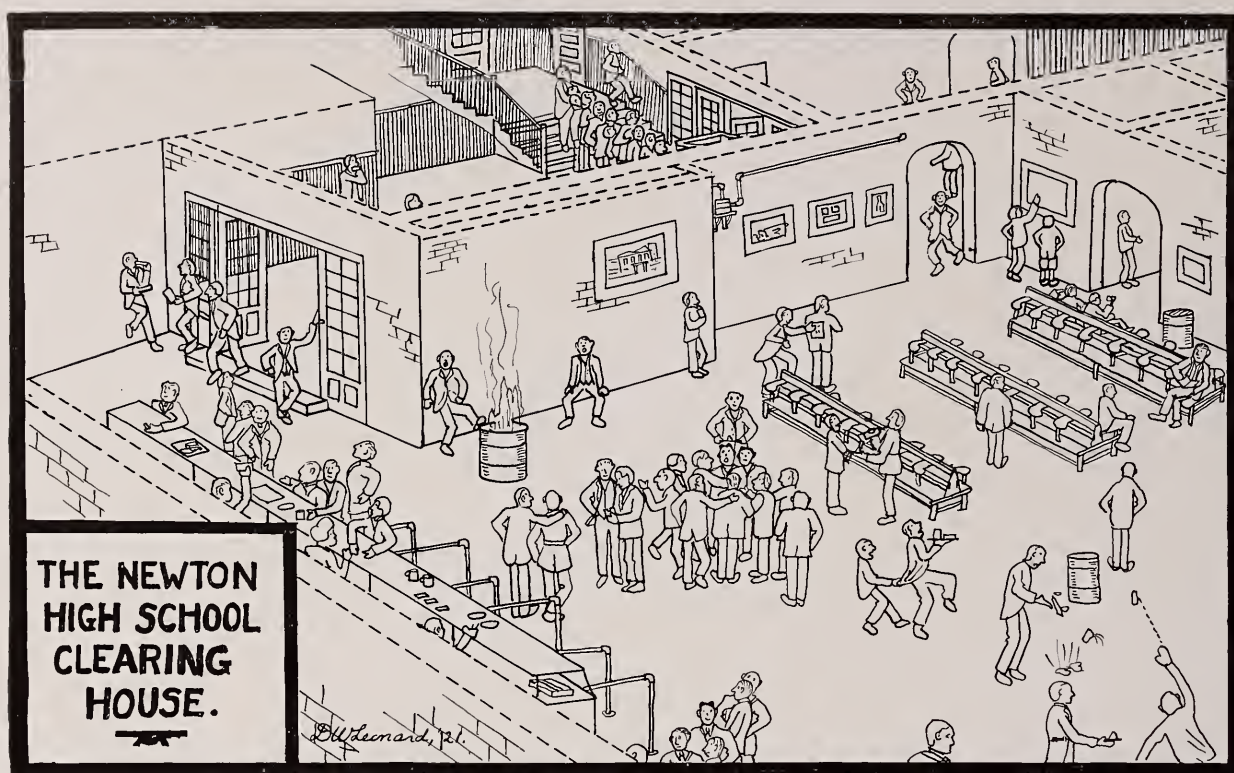
I don't.

I kiss no boys, not even one;

I do not know how it is done,

You wouldn't think I'd have much fun

I don't!



## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL MENU

PEACHES—"Bea" Lane, Helen Crampton, Anne Bruner.  
 PAIRS—"Clem" and Arthur, "Miggie" Walker and Helen Woods  
 HOT DOG!—Mary Moore.  
 POLE BEANS—Foss and Sheldon.  
 CABBAGE—Leonard Lawrence.  
 PEANUTS—Curtiss, Juthe and Kent.  
 LIFE SAVERS—Mr. Lane and Mr. Underwood.  
 SPINACH—Arthur Smith.  
 HONEY—Helen Crosby and "Mat" Carter.  
 ANGEL CAKES—Eleanor Daboll and Faith Additon.  
 CHICKEN—Connie Parker.  
 GEESE—Codman and Desmond.  
 DEVIL'S CAKE—Avery Peabody.  
 GEMS—Helen Booth and Sylvia Chapman.  
 POP OVERS—Curtiss and Juthe.  
 PUNCH—Mr. Lane.  
 RASPBERRIES—George Pierce and Gordon Jenkins.  
 SHAD—Osborne.  
 SHRIMP—Marion Thompson.  
 TIPSYPUDDING—"Gene" Hayden.  
 TONGUE—Janet Eaton.





Our President  
Norton and Graham

The Prophet and Three Wise Men  
Artists Both  
Major Sports Managers

## The Frolics of 1921

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A GREAT throng, crowding and pushing, surged towards the grandstand. Whenever possible bony elbows were thrust comfortingly into a neighbor's unsuspecting ribs. With such demonstrations of assistance, I was forcibly impelled to a seat somewhere in that foot-beaten old junk heap known as the Newton High School Grand Stand. I had no sooner sunk wearily down to a posture of peaceful waiting when a loud shout rent my ear-puffs and there was a great stamping of feet and a waving of hands, not to mention the background of balloons and banners. What could be the meaning of all this pandemonium, I wondered? For the purpose of enlightening myself, I jabbed the ribs of my neighbor with a hair pin and inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"Why, don't you know that this is the greatest day of the year at the Newton High School? This is Saturday, the day of the Annual Amateur Acrobatic Animated Antics." Then seeing my unusually blank countenance she added, "Oh! there are going to be all sorts of races."

Just then appeared the announcer of events, the well-known elocutionist, Avery Peabody. Steadying himself with a gold headed cane he stepped gingerly upon a groaning soap-box and proclaimed that the grand tournament would open with an exciting foot race between the well-known, record-breaking sprinters, the Misses: Owen, Reay, and Ayres. More clapping of hands and stamping of feet then ensued.

The ladies now took their places on the starting line and began prancing gracefully up and down to limber their legs. At last all three crouched down, ready for the signal, while Faith Additon, timidly raising the pistol over her head, counted, "One for the penny; two for the show; three to make ready; and"—Elsie Reay lost her balance and unmercifully bumped her bangs! Once again they were ready and Faith continued, "and four to"—

Well, what was the matter now, I wondered? Everything seemed all right. Avery then went over and consulted Miss Additon, and finally took the pistol himself in as much as she did not dare to fire it off.

This time he began all over again, "On your marks, get set"—the girl next to me jammed her ear-puffs down her ears and chewed louder than before—"go." At last they were off, and how they did fly. Meanwhile all the fellows cheered, each for his respective favorite. The dust rose in clouds as the races



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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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sped on. But what was that? One cloud of dust had cleared away. Ruth Ayres had tripped on her skirt and fallen down. She rolled hastily out of the way of the others who were approaching, and then, realizing that her chances of winning were lost, watched the rest of the race from the side-lines. On went the other two, neck and neck, but when they had almost reached the finish, "Floss"—thanks to the instruction of her athlete brother, and much ardent practice in running to school—picked up a little extra speed from somewhere, and won the race. This time the grandstand rained confetti while my friend beside me almost lost her gum in the excitement of the moment. Miss Owen was borne off the field in triumph.

"The next number on our program," impressively announced the gruff voice of our elocutionist, "will be a very unusual contest which will explain itself." At this point, across the field came two well-known characters, so my friend explained to me, Hodder and Osborne. "But what can they be going to do?" I inquired.

"What do they ever do but eat," was the curt reply and she snapped that tiresome gum, while my own jaws ached in sympathy.

Sure enough, just then I noticed our little ten-year-old sophomore approach, bearing an ice-cream freezer in each hand. From these receptacles he presently took those small packages of ice-cream "with the spoons inside" as served at gym dances. Beside each freezer he piled a great heap of these packages. Everyone then emitted a loud guffaw, for there seemed to be some joke connected with these two conspicuous gustatory gladiators. At the word, "commence," both of them began to open the packages and to devour the contents. I could almost hear them chew. However, very soon one of them first began to slacken speed, and then, as if his capacity and strength had both failed him, stopped and remained "stopped?" This race was in my opinion absolutely no good; there was no excitement at all. Hodder was much too far ahead, his record being thirty-seven packages and one spoon, (by accident), while Osborne consumed only eighteen of the cartons. This was certainly the weakest part in the program and I was just about ready to go home, when my friend screeched at me to sit down, as the most exciting part of all was coming next.

"The last feature in the entertainment will be an automobile number," announced the distinguished judge. "All the important and aristocratic cars of the High School are to be in the race, and the distance is to be ten times around the field." The list of the contesting autos and their pilots is as follows:

The Ice Cream Freezer . . . . .	Piloted by Janet Eaton
The Puddle Jumper . . . . .	Mr. Underwood
Molasses . . . . .	Carl F. Schipper, Jr.
The Coffee Grinder . . . . .	Pat Hatch



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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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Slow and Steady . . . . .	Florence Owen
The Bathtub . . . . .	Warren Hill
Carry all . . . . .	Ralph Thompson
Rollicking Robin . . . . .	Clark Hodder
The Hot Air Furnace . . . . .	Bill Chapple
The Junk Heap . . . . .	Tom Walsh

Just as he finished, the soap-box suddenly collapsed, depositing the orator in an ignominious heap in the dust. However, someone wearing an S. P. C. A. button kindly rescued him in time to give the signal for the cars to start.

Away they all went:—but did they? There stood the *Coffee Grinder* right where it was when the pistol went off, with Pat madly tearing her hair, and trying to start the engine. It was no use. She had forgotten to put in any gas before starting. The others, nevertheless, raced swiftly on, keeping fairly near together for the first two times around. After these two turns, however, the distances between the machines began to lengthen. The *Rollicking Robin*, and the *Carryall*, were in the lead while the *Ice Cream Freezer*, and the *Hot Air Furnace* followed close together, (we wonder why). The *Slow and Steady* brought up the rear with the others strung out at varied distances. On they all sped while the grandstand rocked on its last extremities because of the jumping and stamping of the spectators. My neighbor even forgot to chew in her excitement, while someone behind me kept pounding me vehemently upon the back.

“Ah, there is a nice little car,” I remarked to my friend, “the one that looks as if it were tied together with string, and let me see, the *Junk Heap* is the name printed on it.”

“Oh yes! That is Tom Walsh’s expensive foreign make car,” was the reply. “It does seem to be running right along doesn’t it? I do believe it may even win.”

At that moment I saw the *Junk Heap* approach a baseball which someone had carelessly left in the middle of the track. As the front wheel struck it, there was a terrible crash; the car stopped suddenly, and without any warning, flew into a thousand pieces. The nut which held the car together had been knocked loose when it struck the ball. Tom was thrown violently through the air, landing unhurt on the grandstand, in the lap of his sister.

The first cars had just completed their seventh round when I noticed that the *Bathtub* had been increasing its speed and was now beside the *Rollicking*, while the *Carryall* had dropped behind. In this same order the eighth round was completed, while on they steamed for the victory, the *Rollicking* and the *Bathtub* side by side. Now they had begun the ninth round, and the *Bathtub*, steaming much, and rattling more, pushed slowly ahead, little by little, until at the beginning of the tenth round, it was decidedly in the lead. Everyone cheered loudly for Warren.

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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But what is this I see? Am I mistaken for I certainly thought the *Bath-tub* was ahead? There, nearer to the white line which marked the finish, was a caramel colored marmon, plodding steadily forward, and the card on the front says, *the Molasses*—chauffeured by Carl Frederick Schipper, Junior. Will Warren be able to overtake the *Marmon* in the short distance remaining, or will the *Molasses* win the race? The line is almost reached! Everyone holds his breath, while the girl beside me, in her excitement, swallowed her gum. Nearer they come with the *Molasses* still leading, until, at last, not five yards in advance, it crosses the white line. The *Molasses* has won the race!

But instead of stopping it keeps on going! What can be the matter, and what does it mean? Everyone stares blankly, but finally light breaks upon the judge, for he runs wildly about, and at last announces in a tone of suppressed excitement that the race has been won by the *Bathtub*, as the *Molasses* was just then only completing its fifth round.

So that was why, then, the *Marmon* had kept on going. "Too bad," I mused, as I rose with the others to go out, "I hate to see a *Marmon* beaten like that, but I suppose that being Saturday, a "*Bathtub*" has to come before anything else anyway!"

BY A SPECTATOR.

---

### IF NAMES MEANT ANYTHING

Miss Burnham would be a very poor cook in some one's household.

Miss Eaton would manage an eating joint in Newton.

Miss Graves would prove a very efficient undertaker.

Miss Mason would be a very capable bricklayer.

Miss Noble would marry a titled foreigner.

Miss Owen would become a money lender.

Miss Vose would be a celebrated and an accomplished pianist.

Miss Woods would run a lumber mill.

Butler would answer the door-bell at J. P. Morgan's New York Mansion.

Coady would be a wireless telegraph operator.

Codman would run a fish store in Newtonville.

Cone would work at the soda fountain at Edmund's.

Ramee would be a celebrated solo singer of the Chicago Opera.

Wyman would be the "Answer Man" for "Motion Picture."

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## NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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### CAN YOU IMAGINE?

ANNE BRUNER—weighing 300 pounds.  
 “PETE” BLODGETT—with straight hair.  
 MARY MOORE—not using her eyes.  
 LOIS BJORNSON—without a new hat every month.  
 “JENNY” CURTISS—staying quiet.  
 EMILY KENT—six feet tall.  
 BETTY COLE—with black hair.  
 “JACK” NORTON—without efficiency.  
 “CLEM” COADY—with small feet.  
 ARTHUR SMITH—wearing short trousers.  
 RUTH AYRES—with a wave in her hair.  
 SHELDON—conducting a ballet class.  
 RALPH THOMPSON—going to a dance without taking “Connie.”  
 “CUTIE” CUNNINGHAM—a woman-hater.  
 HOMER TILTON—not polite.  
 “SHAD” OSBORNE—failing a recitation.  
 WARREN HILL—with freckles.  
 DOROTHY CALLOWHILL—without her wave.  
 ARTHUR SMITH—in a hurry.  
 “FLOSSIE” OWEN—with short skirts.

### OUR THEATRE LIST

The Passion . . . . .	To Graduate
The Girl in the (Studebaker) . . . . .	Marion Juthe
Broadway Brevities . . . . .	Moore-Juthe
Love Birds . . . . .	Ruhlin and Mary Welch
Honors are Even . . . . .	“Kitty” Jones and “Don” Fleming
She Stoops to Conquer . . . . .	Florence Morford
It’s Up To You . . . . .	Seniors
The Kid . . . . .	“Clem” Coady
The Life of the Party . . . . .	Gordon Jenkins
Daddy Long-Legs . . . . .	Charles Butler
Miracle Man . . . . .	Coach Dickinson
The Rivals . . . . .	Hodder and Pierce
One . . . . .	Warren Hill
Strangers . . . . .	The Garritys
No Man’s Land . . . . .	The “Gym” on Tuesday and Thursday
When We Are Young . . . . .	Earle Johnson, Winthrop Cody
Midnight Rounders . . . . .	Codman, Peabody, Wyman





Our Review Bosses  
Grace and Mary

The Short and Long of It  
Helen and Miriam

---

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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HOW WE KNOW THEM

“BEA” LANE: By her specks.  
“CLEM” COADY: By his toddle.  
MARY MOORE: By her “Bob.”  
ARTHUR SMITH: By his sneer.  
HELEN BOOTH: By her hysterics.  
“JENNY” CURTISS: By her pug-nose.  
WARREN HILL: By his looks.  
RALPH THOMPSON: By his flivver.  
“CUTIE” CUNNINGHAM: By his grin.  
HELEN CRAMPTON: By her smile.  
“MAT” CARTER: By her curls.  
CLARK HODDER: By his squeak.  
“PETE” BLODGETT: By his popularity.  
ANNA KOLB: By her punctuality.  
RUTH KELLEY: By the boys she has fallen for.  
“GENE” HAYDEN: By his bow-tie.  
“GINNY” MCCLELLAN: By her posies.  
“SHAD” OSBORNE: By his marks.  
MARION JUTHE: By her dancing.

---

SONG HITS

Tumble In	8:30
We're Getting Away With It	E. Johnson, H. Garrity, R. Garrity
Love Nest	Room 24
If You Could Care For Me	Faith Additon
Darling	“Mat” Carter
Honolulu Eyes	Florence Morford
I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody	Stimets
I Love You Sunday	All of us
Sweet N' Pretty	“Bea” Lane
When You Look At Me With Those Wonderful Eyes	Mary Moore
Wonderful Girl	Helen Crampton
Broadway Blues	The way to the office
My Little Bimbo	Elsie Reay
I'm Always Falling In Love	“Clem” Coady
Whispering	Helen Schultz
Palesteena	Ruth Crary
Wandering	“Ray” Leonard
Bright Eyes	“Ginny” McClellan
Fair One	Constance Vose
Home Again Blues	2:20

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## THE 1921 NEWTONIAN

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### AND NOW, A SONG, TO END IT ALL

Oh boy! Oh boy see that Newton team—  
It fights to win, it fights to win;  
It is there with lots of pep and steam.  
Down the field goes the ball each play,  
Orange and black lift the colors high,  
The team will score—and then some more—  
They won't give in; that is the reason why  
The bacon is ours today.

#### Chorus:

Newton! Newton, Newton High  
Wins today.  
Newton! Newton, Newton High  
Our team is on the fray,  
When the sons of Newton break thru the line  
Our shouts will rend the sky—  
Newton! Newton wins today,  
Newton High.

H. K. U.



---

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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The End

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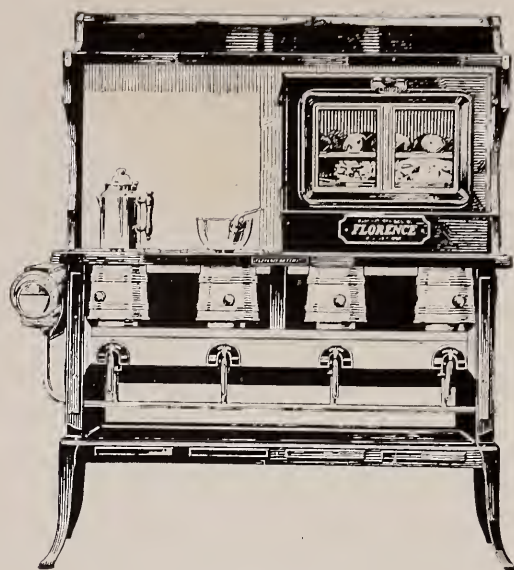
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